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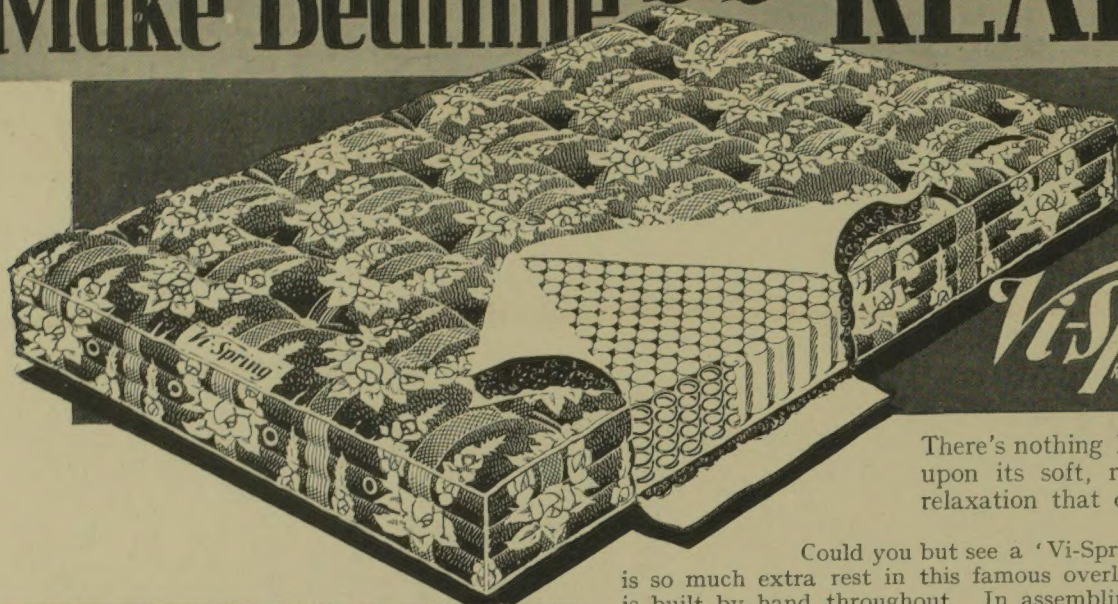
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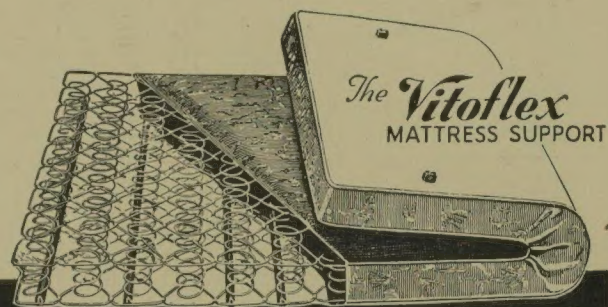
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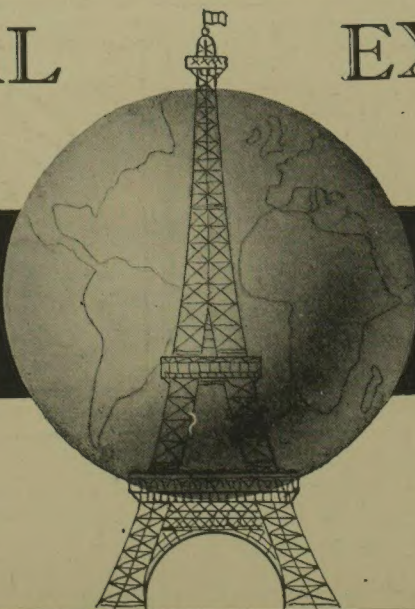
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1937.



"RANGER'S" OVERWHELMING VICTORY IN THE "AMERICA'S" CUP RACES: THE DEFENDER 16 MINUTES AHEAD OF "ENDEAVOUR II." IN THE SECOND RACE, WITH HER FAMOUS SILK QUADRILATERAL JIB SET.

The result of the "America's" Cup contests was a series of overwhelming victories for the defender, "Ranger," sailed by Mr. Harold Vanderbilt. "Ranger" beat "Endeavour II.," sailed by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, by margins of seventeen minutes, eighteen minutes, four minutes, and three minutes. Her big new quadrilateral jib, made of artificial silk, played a large part in securing her her victories, proving a most useful sail. Its effect was particularly seen

in the second race, of which we here illustrate a phase (the start of the last leg of the triangular course by "Ranger"). The huge quadrilateral jib (or "cut off" jib) is seen drawing perfectly, with a small foresail set inside it. The quadrilateral sail has been nicknamed a "Montague" in America, and the name is being adopted in this country. Other photographs illustrating the "America's" Cup contests will be found on page 258.

THE "AMERICA'S" CUP RACES: DEFENDER; CHALLENGER; "FOLLOWERS."



SWARMING SPECTATORS OF THE "AMERICA'S" CUP RACES, DURING WHICH THE COURSE WAS KEPT CLEAR BY U.S. COASTGUARD OFFICIALS; SOME OF THE HOST OF YACHTS WHICH COMPLETED FOR POSITIONS OF VANTAGE WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT CHARGES OF OBSTRUCTION MIGHT BE TRIED BY NAVAL COURTS-MARTIAL.

THE splendid victories of "Ranger" over "Endeavour II." in the "America's" Cup races have aroused keen discussion among yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic. The general consensus of opinion appears to support the conclusion that in "Ranger" her builders had evolved a perfect boat for sailing in light winds. Whether the challenger would have done so well in a really good breeze is a good wayward must remain a moot point. But in this connection it is interesting to note that in the last of the four races, when there was a moderate sailing breeze, "Endeavour II." was



(Continued below.)

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE CROWD OF CRAFT OF ALL SIZES AND DESCRIPTIONS WHICH CAME OUT TO WATCH THE RACES; A PROBLEM EFFICIENTLY DEALT WITH BY THE U.S. COASTGUARD AUTHORITIES IN CHARGE OF THE COURSE.



THE VICTORIOUS DEFENDER: "RANGER" CLOSE-HAULED, WITH A QUADRILATERAL JIB SET, SHOWING THE STAYING OF HER DURALUMIN MAST—FOR WHICH, IT IS BELIEVED, HIGH METAL RODS WERE EXPERIMENTED WITH.

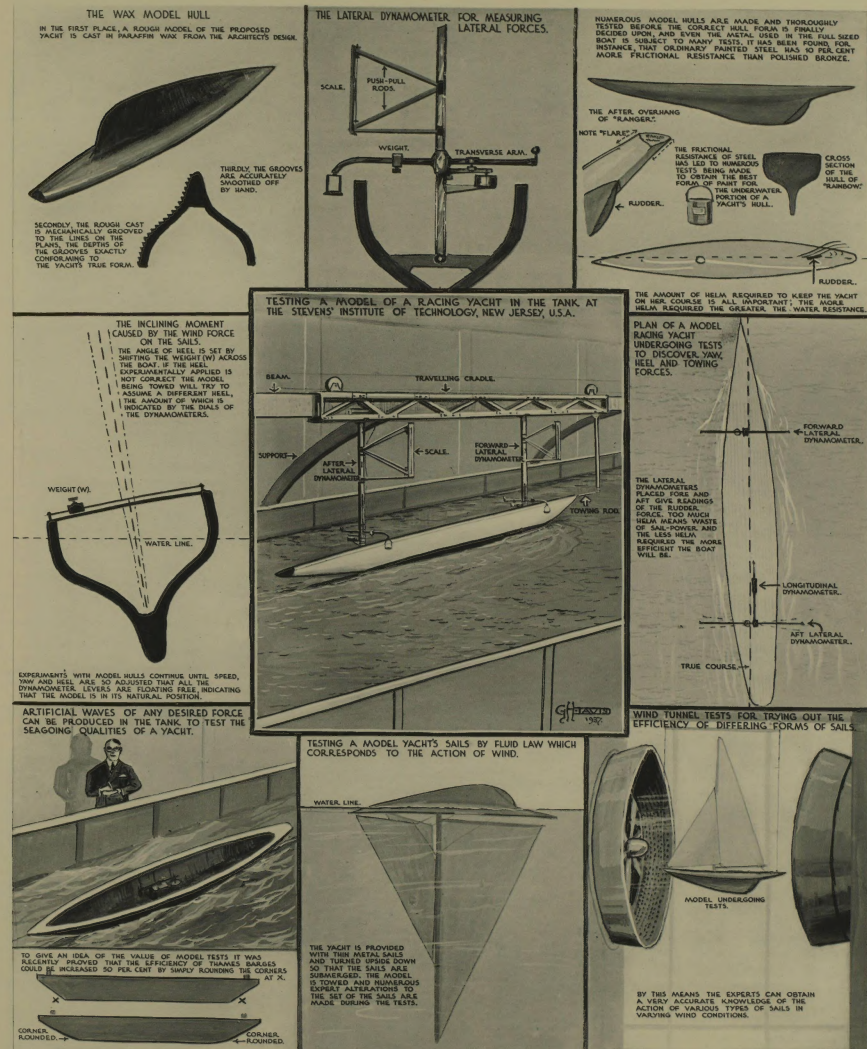
THE START OF THE SECOND RACE, WHEN "ENDEAVOUR II." GOT OVER THE LINE FIVE MINUTES AHEAD OF "RANGER," BUT LOST BY THE RECORD MARGIN OF 18 MIN. 32 SEC. "ENDEAVOUR II." (LEFT) AND "RANGER."

not outalled. According to the yachting correspondent of the "Observer," Mr. Charles Nicholson, designer of "Endeavour II.," has declared that "Ranger's" underwater body is the most revolutionary design of the past fifty years. Her lines are such that when heeling to a breeze she is able to gain immediate advantage. But in a weighty wind it is likely she would heel too much, and thus carry water on her decks, with inevitable reduction of speed. In view of

this, it is very doubtful if "Ranger" would prove a great success in British waters with short, nasty seas. Tank experiments with models, such as led to the evolution of the form of "Ranger's" hull design, are illustrated opposite. Another factor which undoubtedly contributed to "Ranger's" superiority was her double-clewed sail jib, nicknamed a "Montague." Ironically enough, it was Mr. Sopwith who first evolved the double-clewed headsail—from tests in wind-tunnels.

DID TRIALS OF MODELS BRING "RANGER" VICTORY? TESTS IN A TANK.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



HOW SCIENCE IS CALLED IN TO HELP THE DESIGNERS OF RACING YACHTS IN THE UNITED STATES: TANK-AND-MODEL TESTS OF HULL AND SAILS WHICH MAY HAVE LED TO "RANGER'S" SUPERIORITY IN THE "AMERICA'S" CUP RACES.

The comparative ease with which the defender, "Ranger," defeated "Endeavour II." in the recent "America's" Cup races, and the extraordinary speed produced by the American boat, have been attributed by many experts to the efficiency of the hull and sail-plan as the result of a long series of elaborate tank tests with model hulls. During tank tests a large number of hulls of slightly differing form are produced, and by means of specially designed dynamometers and other instruments, aided by their own knowledge, experts are able to measure very accurately the results of every test. In America, Professor K. S. M. Davidson, Mr. Olin Stephens, and others have been carrying out these special tests on yacht designs for several years, using a specially constructed tank; but in this country, with

the exception of some tests made by Mr. G. L. Watson in designing "Shamrock II.," about thirty-six years ago, no similar tests have been made on challengers for the "America's" Cup. Moreover, it has been stated that the tests made at Dumbarton by Mr. Watson were not at all representative of real conditions, nor was the application of the results clearly understood by the designer. Those experts who champion the value of tank tests and wind tunnel tests for racing yachts (and it may be mentioned that there are many who do not attach great value to these tests for yachts) claim that practically every sea-going ship is now tank tested before the final design is decided upon. For example, models of the "Queen Mary" were subjected to some 7000 tests.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE royal visit to Ulster was the final ceremony of a memorable summer. It served to remind people that Ireland, if not all Ireland, is still an essential part of our national polity. In no part of the Empire is the sense of British imperial citizenship stronger or the tradition of loyalty to the Throne more absolute. Yet for a quarter of a century it has been the fashion among superior people to speak of Ulster disparagingly. The action of her people in taking up arms to resist Home Rule is constantly quoted against them; they have been presented as dour forerunners of Fascism—the harsh, narrow, obscurantist bigots who pointed the way for Mussolini and Hitler. Those who talk in this way know nothing of Ulster and, for that matter, very little of Ireland. That was the fundamental mistake of those who tried to solve the Irish problem by the simple expedient of treating Ireland as an entity and ignoring the institutions, customs, and rights of the Protestant people of the North-East.

For what nearly everyone failed to realise, except the people of Ulster themselves, was that in a democratic State a minority that was in fundamental disagreement with the majority over spiritual essentials would not be a minority as we know it in this country, with its proper rights and prospects, but a persecuted minority with no rights at all and no prospects but that of being perpetually persecuted. It is true that many generations ago the boot was on the other leg, and that the people of Ulster were once "licensed by the rulers of this country to oppress men of different race and religion who lived in the same island. But two wrongs do not make a right, and the tyranny of the past can never be redeemed by a new tyranny in the present. It is curious in what very illogical, not to say topsy-turvy, attitudes those who engage in political polemics with too much fervour find themselves. Among a certain kind of advanced thinker, the very word "Ulster" has a retrograde flavour. It suggests bellicose reactionaries over-riding the popular will. Yet the reaction and the fighting spirit that these progressives so condemn in Ulster were aroused by the very strength of Ulster's passion for democratic self-determination, which the same progressives so much admire in others. If, for instance, as is argued by many in this country, half, or rather less than half, the Basques have an absolute right to their independence of the rest of Spain, the overwhelming majority of the people of Ulster had an even stronger right to their independence of the rest of Ireland. On any reasonable democratic showing Ulster had a case. Her people, with their own peculiar race, religion, history and traditions, were only claiming the most elementary right of democracy, when they asked that a new form of government should not be imposed on them without their consent. To be placed at the mercy of a superior number of voters of opposed race, religion, history and tradition seemed to them not democracy but despotism.

Actually, Ulster is the most democratic community I have ever visited. The links of race, religion, history and tradition that bind her people are so strong that they far surpass social and economic distinctions. In the political sense, every Ulsterman is his brother's keeper. The moment one lands in the province, especially if one lands from the air and goes straight to one of its smaller grey towns or villages, one is made conscious of a strong sense of social unity and joint responsibility that runs right through the community. Everybody, rich or poor, shares it; everybody takes a part in public life. The man who refused to do so would condemn himself to a kind of moral outlawry. Perhaps the confusion of thought that exists in certain quarters about Northern Ireland arises from a foolish tendency of the modern world to confound progress with social unrest. There is plenty of social reform in Ulster but there is very little social unrest. Probably no other industrial community in Europe

a principle of perpetual change; the view-point is always shifting, but the mind—that pampered favourite of the human mechanism—is kept fluid and alert. "Vive la bagatelle!" is the intellectual slogan of the age.

There are places even in the modern world, however, where prejudice is still enthroned and loyalty to ancient belief accounted the highest virtue. Nowhere is this more so than in Ulster. Her red hand is still clenched in genial defiance of wooden shoes and Popery, and her tall, square-shouldered people still mount the platforms which bear aloft the orange barriers of three centuries of unreasoning warfare. "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right" was the slogan to which they marched to battle, and fifteen years of quietude have robbed it of little of its intensity. The only concession is a good-humoured willingness to smile leniently at the quaint intensity of their own devotion to their spiritual past. But let any criticism of such pass from the shy banter of a licensed jester to active threat of interference with honoured prejudice, and Ulster will fly to arms to defend her hundred-times-defended faith.

To-day, Northern Ireland is a part of the Empire; the nearest and the most closely linked of any, for she not only controls her own affairs in her own Parliament, but is also represented, like Scotland and Wales, at Westminster. Her people are proud of their right of self-government, but boast that they would surrender it at an hour's notice to the Mother Country from which they derived it and whose children they are so proud to be. But the almost passionate devotion to the British link and the British past, which is the Ulsterman's most distinguishing political attribute, receives singularly little encouragement from the object of Ulster's devotion. Most

people in this island scarcely give her a thought. The great Dominions and India figure far more often in our newspapers; so does that brilliant, once tragic, now, perhaps, intensely hopeful portent of the Western World—the Irish Free State. But of Ulster we hear little.

Yet Ulster is by far the easiest part of the British Empire to visit. The Londoner can eat his breakfast in Piccadilly at eight and his lunch in Belfast a little after one. The silver wings of the morning will bear him, speeding over London's western environs, with her river winding past factories and suburban streets, towards the Chilterns and thence carry him swiftly across the Midland shires, landing him for a few minutes in a great field beside the Mersey before speeding him once more over white clouds and the grey waters of the Irish Channel towards the mountains of Mourne. Here he will find a welcome as warm as anywhere in the world, air that seems to take ten years off a man's life within ten minutes of landing, and one of the loveliest coast lines in the world.



THE DEATH OF A FAMOUS ACTRESS AND STAGE PERSONALITY: THE LATE LADY TREE, O.B.E., WIDOW OF SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

Almost simultaneously death has removed from the theatrical world two of its most eminent women. Lady Tree, who died on August 7, aged seventy-three, was distinguished both as an actress and a brilliant conversationalist. She was prominent on the London stage for half a century, excelling in high comedy. Her maiden name was Helen Maud Holt. She made her stage debut in 1883. At twenty she married Herbert Beerbohm Tree, afterwards famous as Sir Herbert Tree, and shared his triumphs at His Majesty's Theatre and elsewhere. In her later years she made a new reputation as a film actress and a broadcaster.—Miss Annie Horniman, pioneer of the repertory theatre movement, died on August 6, aged seventy-six. Her first venture was in 1894, when she ran a season at the Avenue Theatre (now the Playhouse), which included Shaw's "Arms and the Man" and Yeats's "The Land of Heart's Desire." In 1904 she took the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and supported the Irish National Theatre Society. Later, she removed to Manchester, where she bought the Gaiety Theatre. Between 1907 and 1921, when she relinquished it, hundreds of plays were produced there, many of them for the first time.



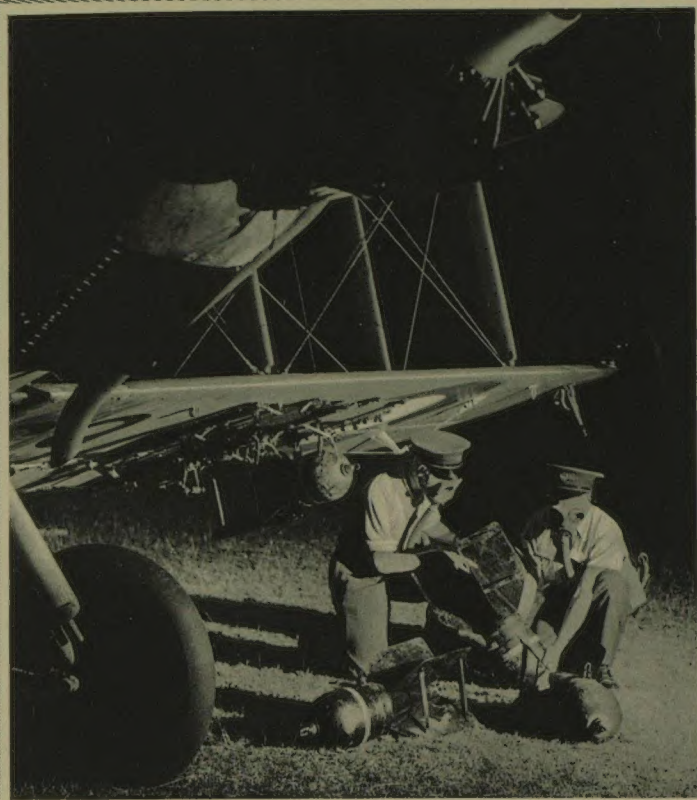
THE DEATH OF A FAMOUS THEATRICAL PIONEER: THE LATE MISS ANNIE HORNIMAN, C.H., WHO STARTED THE REPERTORY THEATRE MOVEMENT.

is so free from the spirit of class-hatred. The people of Ulster do not want to destroy their social system; they want to preserve it, even if they want also to improve it.

There is one characteristic which the people of Ulster possess in a very marked degree. Loyalty is an old-fashioned virtue, and one held in little repute in much of the modern world. It is generally eroded in the more intellectual organs of public opinion and regarded as mere prejudice and a regrettable and even blameworthy failure to open the mind to new ideas. The attribute which is most praised by our twentieth-century moralists—the high priests of the professorial chair and the sociological conference—seems to be a complete freedom from all preconceived notions and old attachments.

Every generation is expected to begin life again, *ab initio*, and the latest notion of the hour is lauded as the highest truth in place of the older transmitted beliefs that have guided men in the past. Ours is

THE TEST OF LONDON'S AIR DEFENCES: NIGHT AND DAY OPERATIONS IN THE BIGGEST R.A.F. MANŒUVRES EVER HELD.



THE AIR MANŒUVRES TO TEST THE DEFENCE OF LONDON: LOADING BOMBS ON A "GORDON" BOMBER IN AN AERODROME THAT HAS BEEN "GASSED."



INTERCEPTING RAIDERS: A BOMBER ENGAGED IN "ATTACKING" LONDON MET BY TWO FIGHTERS WHICH ARE SEEN MANŒUVRING FOR POSITION.



DEFENDING LONDON: PILOTS HURRYING TO FIGHTING MACHINES AS MECHANICS WARM UP THE ENGINES AFTER THE RECEIPT OF INFORMATION OF ATTACKING BOMBERS.



THE DEFENCE ORGANISATION ON THE GROUND: A TERRITORIAL UNIT PICKING UP BOMBERS BY A SOUND-LOCATOR; WITH A LEWIS GUN FOR MEETING LOW-FLYING ATTACKS.



AN OBSERVER AT WORK—USING FIELD-GLASSES AND SITTING IN A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED CHAIR WHICH FACILITATES THE TASK OF VERTICAL RECONNAISSANCE.

Nearly four hundred machines took part in the opening phases of the defence of London manœuvres, the biggest R.A.F. manœuvres yet staged. 176 bombers of various types were detailed to attack London, and 222 fighters to defend it. The Civilian Observer Corps and Territorial Anti-Aircraft units played a large part in the defence organisation. Tilbury Docks and oil depôts at Thames Haven were the objects of raids in the first part of the operations, together with

Colchester Gasworks and Wattisham Aerodrome. There were five raids on Tilbury Docks in fifteen minutes. During the succeeding night phase of operations, forty-nine raids were made on London, eighty per cent. of which were countered by fighter squadrons, according to a communiqué issued by the Air Ministry. Conditions favoured the defence; but, later, clouds and mist ended the night exercises. It was planned to resume the exercises next evening.

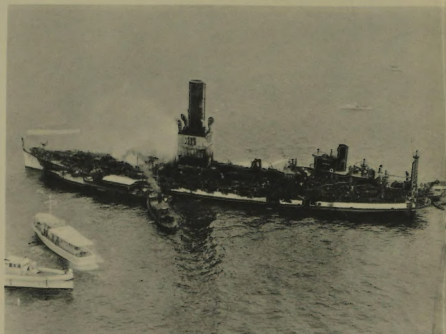


A CHANNEL STEAMER WITH 700 PASSENGERS DANGEROUSLY HOLED IN A MIDNIGHT COLLISION: A GREAT HOLE IN THE PORT SIDE OF THE "PRINCESSE MARIE JOSÉ," GROUND ON A SANDBANK OUTSIDE DUNKIRK.



AFTER COLLISION WITH THE "PRINCESSE MARIE JOSÉ" (SEEN ABOVE): THE DAMAGED BOWS OF THE "CLAN MACNEIL," WHICH ENTERED DUNKIRK UNDER HER OWN POWER. At 12.30 a.m. on August 8, a collision occurred four miles off Dunkirk between the British cargo liner "Clan Macneil," and the Belgian Channel steamer, "Princesse Marie José," carrying 709 passengers. Four Englishwomen were injured, and two had to have a leg amputated. The Channel boat, which had a great hole torn in her port side, made a dash shorewards, and was beached on a sandbank just outside Dunkirk harbour. The passengers were taken off in tugs.

A WINDOW ON PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORDS



THE BURNING OF AN AMERICAN PASSENGER SHIP IN CHESAPEAKE BAY: AN AIR VIEW OF FIREBOATS POURING WATER INTO THE "CITY OF BALTIMORE."

On July 30 it was stated that on the previous night fire destroyed the American steamer, "City of Baltimore" (owned by the Chesapeake Steamship Co.), in Chesapeake Bay, while bound from Baltimore to Norfolk, Virginia. Two people were killed and five injured, and of the passengers (over 100) two were missing. Soon after the fire was discovered, below decks amidships, the ship was ablaze from stem to stern. Many of the passengers and crew jumped into the sea.



THE SEVERN BORE SEEN FROM AN UNUSUAL POINT OF VIEW: A REMARKABLE AIR WHICH, FROM THE AEROPLANE'S ALTITUDE, LOOKED LIKE A

On Sunday, August 8, a large crowd gathered at Stonehenge, near Gloucester, to see that ever-popular phenomenon, the Severn bore, which, through the modern growth of road travel facilities, had of late years attracted increasing numbers of visitors. A "Sunday Times" correspondent writes: "They were rewarded with an exceptionally fine spectacle. Owing to the adverse wind the tidal wave was several minutes late, but when it did sweep round the bend in the river it was a most

THE WORLD: OF RECENT EVENTS.



A SUSSEX CHURCH TO BE REPRODUCED IN AMERICA AS A MEMORIAL TO KIPLING, WHO ONCE LIVED NEAR IT: ST. MARGARET'S, ROTTINGDEAN.

In a note supplied with this photograph it is stated: "St. Margaret's Church, Rottingdean, Sussex, is to be exactly reproduced at Glendale, California. The replica is to be erected there as a memorial to Rudyard Kipling, who used to live at Rottingdean. The Vicar has received a visit from the architect of the memorial park at Glendale, and permitted every measurement to be taken." The church contains windows by Burne-Jones. Kipling's former home is close by.

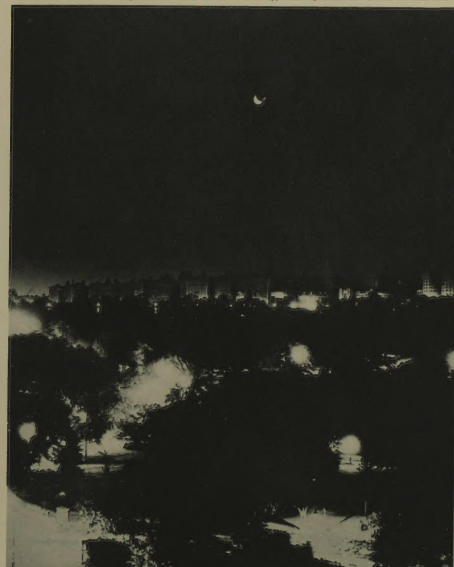


PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING A RECENT RECURRENCE OF THE FAMOUS TIDAL WAVE, BROAD RIPPLE SWEEPING UPSTREAM AT HIGH SPEED.

magnificent sight. The wind had given the wave a fine crest, which gleamed and sparkled in the sunlight. A rather unusual feature of the bore was the large backwash which dashed angrily against the banks. An added thrill for spectators was provided when three men in a small dinghy rowed out to meet the bore, and their frail craft was tossed into the air like a cork. With an ease born of long practice, however, they negotiated the wave and successfully cut through the backwash."



AN AMERICAN WAR MEMORIAL IN ENGLAND: THE CHAPEL AT BROOKWOOD IN HONOUR OF NEARLY 600 U.S. SOLDIERS; WITH A FLAGSTAFF FLYING THE STARS AND STRIPES. On Sunday, August 15, will be dedicated this memorial at Brookwood, Surrey, to 598 American soldiers who died in England during the war. The ceremony will be attended by General Pershing (Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Forces in France), as head of the American Battle Monuments Commission. The United States Ambassador, Mr. R. W. Bingham, will speak, besides other noted Americans. Mr. Duff Cooper, First Lord of the Admiralty, will represent the British Government.

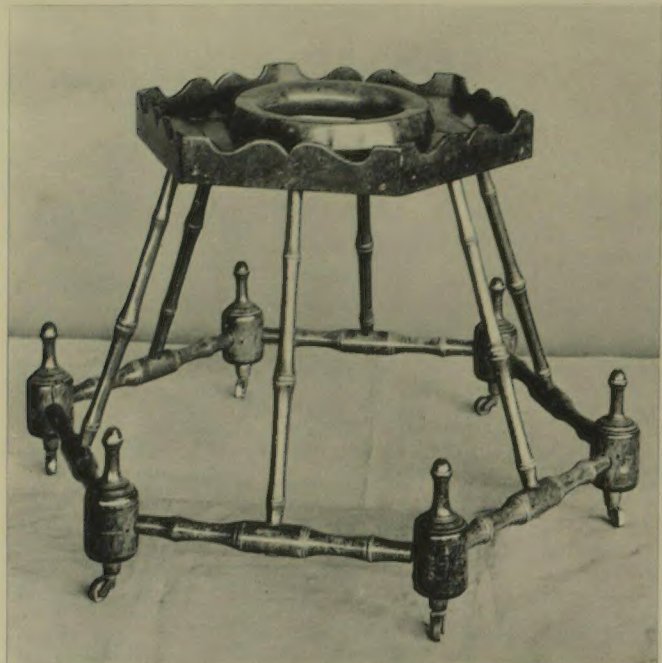


THE SECOND ECLIPSE OF A PLANET BY THE MOON THIS YEAR: THE OCCULTATION OF VENUS AS SEEN FROM NEW YORK.

As noted on page 267, showing the Moon's eclipse of Mars on July 17, Venus was also occulted, by its waning crescent, on August 3. The phenomenon was visible by telescope in Scotland, and northern England, between 9 and 10 a.m., but at Greenwich Venus appeared just to miss the Moon's crescent. The above photograph, taken by officials of the Hayden Planetarium, from the roof of the American Museum, New York, shows the planet being obscured by the crescent's advancing edge.

V. AND A. ACQUISITIONS: A FINE BYZANTINE GEM; AND OTHER TREASURES.

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A NOTABLE ACQUISITION BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY "GO-CART" IN WHICH CHILDREN LEARNT TO WALK.



PROBABLY THE FINEST BYZANTINE GEM IN ANY MUSEUM: A CAMEO-CUT JASPER OF THE CRUCIFIXION (TWELFTH CENTURY OR EARLIER).



A BEAUTIFUL GOTHIC IVORY, ONE OF THE RARE ENGLISH CARVINGS IN THIS MATERIAL: THE TRINITY (c. 1300).



A GROTESQUE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY SWISS TAPESTRY: "WOODWOSES" AND FANTASTIC MONSTERS REPRESENTED AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF TREES AND FLOWERS; A WORK WHICH CAME FROM KLOSTER BRUCK, NEAR LUCERNE.



SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY NEEDLEWORK DEPICTING A VARIETY OF BIRDS AND BEASTS: A PIECE OF PARTICULAR INTEREST FOR THE FLAMINGO (CENTRE) AND PUFFIN (RIGHT), BIRDS PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN TO NATURALISTS AT THE DATE.

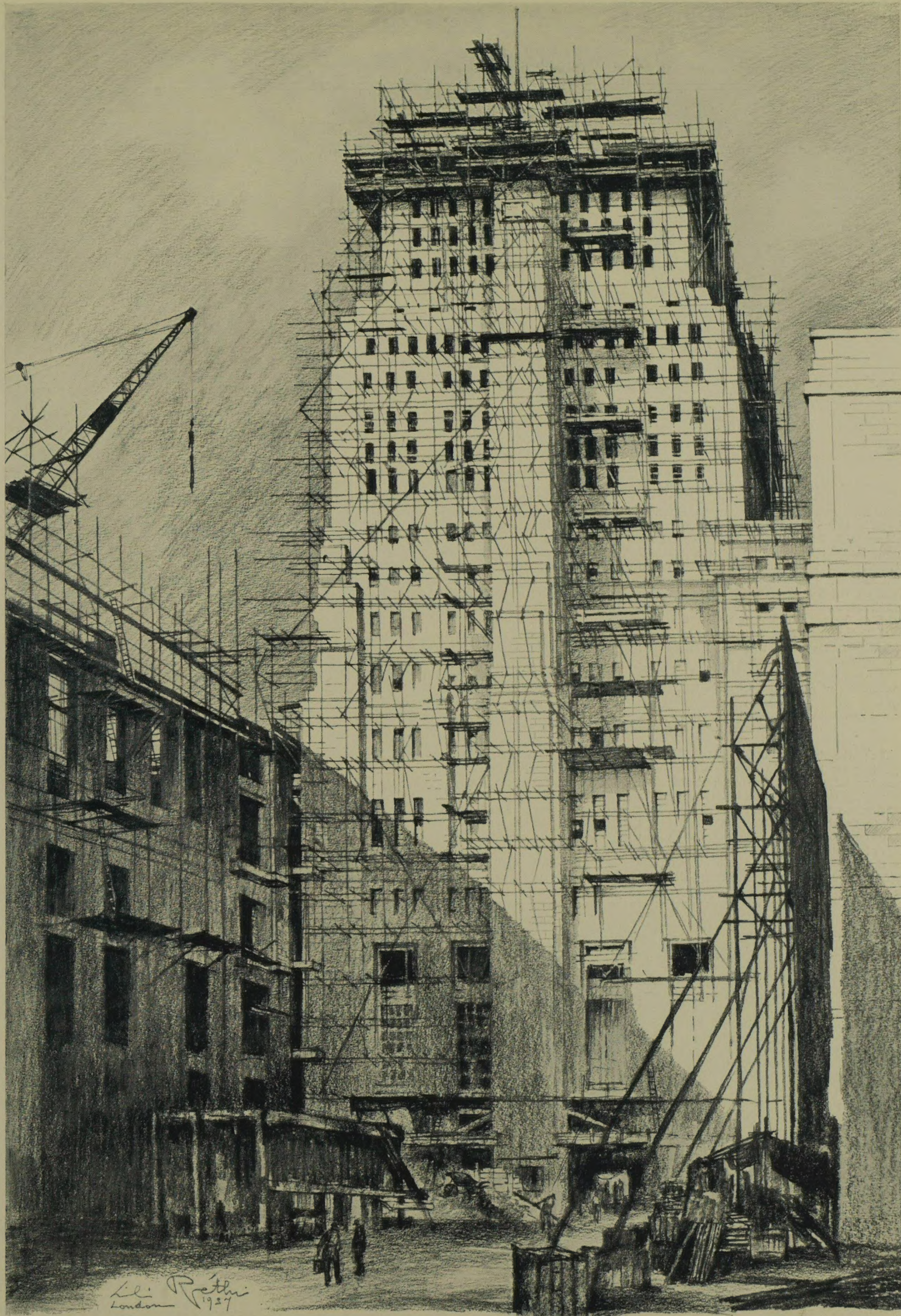


AN IMPORTANT CERAMIC ACQUISITION: A NEUDECK-NYMPHENBURG FIGURE OF THE VIRGIN MADE BY F. A. BUSTELLI IN 1756 AS PART OF A CRUCIFIXION.

WE illustrate some recent acquisitions of importance by the Victoria and Albert Museum. The first shown here is an example of an eighteenth-century "go-cart" on castors in which children were taught to walk. Though widely used in their day, few of these have survived. Next we show a Byzantine cameo in jasper representing Christ on the Cross with the Virgin and St. John on either side. Byzantine gems are extremely rare and it is probably the finest example in any Museum. Another rarity is the English ivory relief. English ivories of the Gothic period are very seldom met with, and carvings of this exceptional beauty are rarely found even among French Gothic ivories. Two highly decorative additions have also been made to the department of textiles, one being a Swiss tapestry of mid-fifteenth century, which came originally from Kloster Bruck, near Lucerne, depicting "woodwoses"—wild men of the woods—and grotesque animals. The other is a remarkable large embroidered tapestry of birds, which, it seems, cannot be later than the seventeenth century. The puffin and the flamingo are noteworthy, since these birds were practically unknown to seventeenth-century naturalists and writers in their correct shape. The monkey's head by Giovanni Bologna has been identified as one of four formerly decorating this sculptor's "Samson and the Philistine" fountain at Florence.



THE BRONZE HEAD OF A MONKEY BY GIOVANNI BOLOGNA: IDENTIFIED AS ONE OF FOUR DECORATING THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FLORENTINE FOUNTAIN OF SAMSON AND THE PHILISTINE—NOW BROKEN UP AND DISPERSED.



LONDON'S GREAT NEW ARCHITECTURAL LANDMARK: THE UNIVERSITY TOWER, SHOWING THE RECENTLY-ERECTED FLAGSTAFF.

Another stage in the progress of the stately buildings in Bloomsbury forming the new headquarters of the University of London was reached a few days ago, when a 70-ft. flagstaff was erected above the great tower (210 ft. high) of which the shell is now completed. The interior of the tower will house the University Library, and it is expected that by Christmas the 250,000 books

at present in the library at South Kensington will have been transferred to their new home. The foundation-stone of the new University buildings, which will cost about £3,000,000, was laid by the late King George V. on June 26, 1933. Since then 600 men have been employed on the work, and that number will probably continue to be engaged for many more years.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY LILI RÉTHI.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE MYSTERY OF ANIMAL "BEHAVIOUR": SOME PUZZLING OVIPAROUS SPECIES.

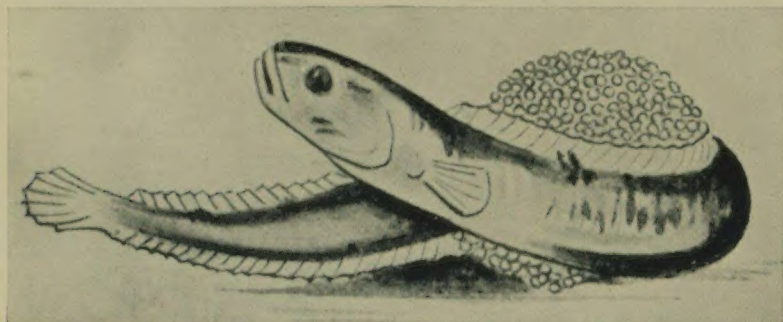
By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

MOST of us, I suspect, attribute the survival in the "Struggle for Existence" of the various types of animal life around us to "physical fitness"—ability to escape enemies by fleetness of foot, or wing, efficient digestive and circulatory organs, eyesight, hearing, smell, and so on. But these attributes

cited here. A good example is that of the butter-fish or gunnel (Fig. 1), wherein the female curls herself round her eggs till they hatch. The female of the small fish known as the bitterling, of the rivers of Central Europe, in the breeding season develops a long tube which, projecting from the abdomen, forms a funnel, the mouth of which is inserted into the open valves of the fresh-water mussel (*Anodonta*), and down this the eggs are poured into the gills of the mussel, where they hatch securely. Here the continued existence of the race of bitterlings depends upon the presence of the mussel, and the "awareness" of the fish that here, and nowhere else, can her eggs be laid. In the stickleback the care of the eggs devolves upon the male. He builds a nest,

ichthyophis, of Ceylon, retires to a hole in the ground and there produces about twenty large eggs, strung together on stalks, and round the bunch thus formed coils her body, and awaits the time of hatching. The male of the midwife toad seizes the eggs—again held one to another by threads—as soon as they are shed and fastens them to his hind legs, when he retires to a hole in the ground till they hatch. At least a dozen other instances, quite as strange, could be cited from among the frogs and toads. But I must pass on now to the reptiles, wherein parental care is confined to the snakes and crocodiles. The great python (Fig. 3) curls her body round her eggs till the young emerge, while the crocodiles bury their eggs and return at night to sleep over the nest till hatching time!

One might have supposed that the reptiles, since they are higher in the scale of life, would have shown even more evidence of parental care than is displayed by the fishes and the amphibia. But this surprise is lessened when we come to reflect that these often



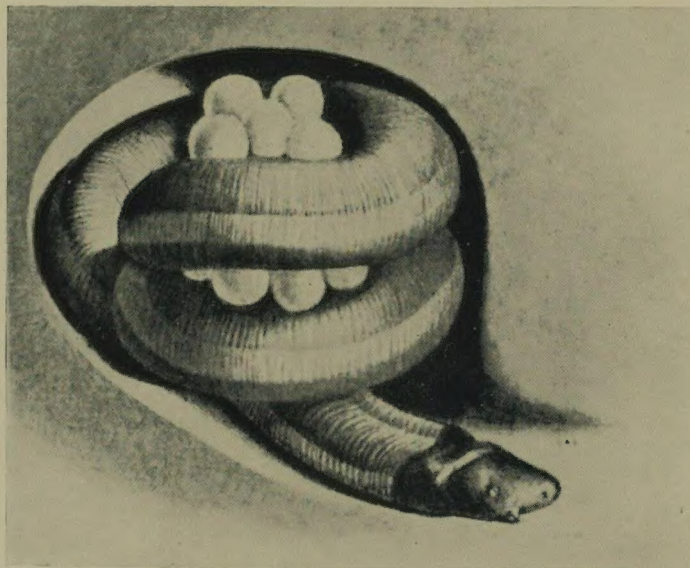
1. A FISH THAT CURLS ROUND ITS EGGS, AS THOUGH INCUBATING THEM: A BUTTER-FISH, OR GUNNEL, WHICH HAS ROLLED ITS EGGS UP INTO A BALL AND COILED ITS BODY ROUND THEM.

by no means embrace all that is necessary to salvation. A very important condition of survival is that imposed by what we call "behaviour," which commonly seems to be inspired by intelligence. But before I attempt anything in the nature of an interpretation of this "behaviour," let me state a few facts, all of which bear on the vitally important events which determine the succession of the species, or of the race. My survey, of necessity, begins not with the very simplest of living organisms, but with such lowly creatures as the crustacea, the insects, and the spiders, and passes upwards to include the fishes, amphibia—frogs and toads, newts, etc.—reptiles, and birds.

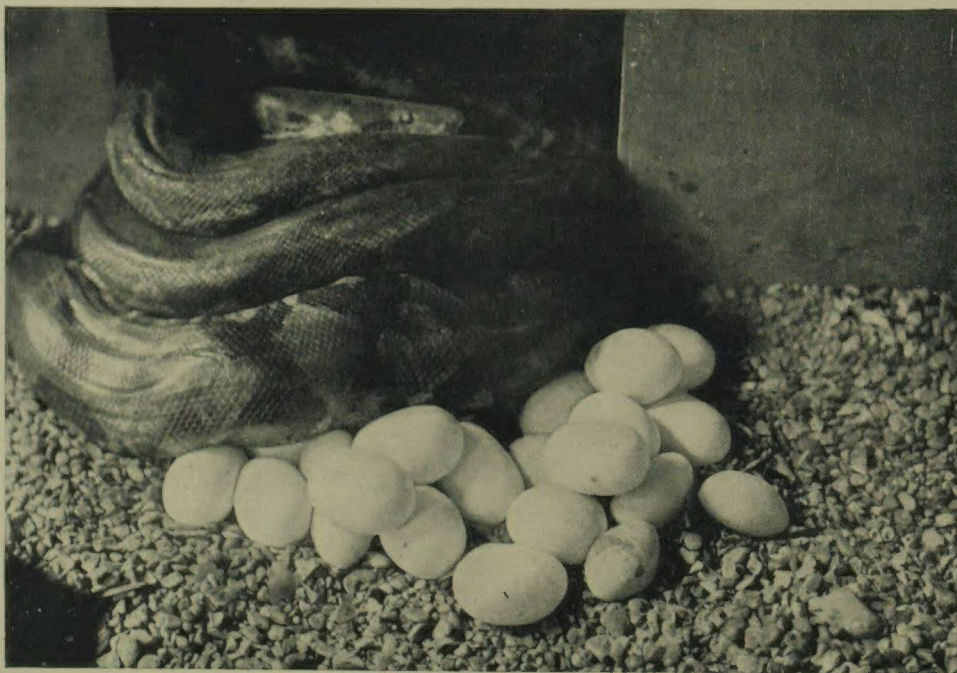
Large numbers of the lowest of these types shed their eggs automatically, so to speak, and leave them to their fate. The butterflies and moths, on the other hand, show much diversity. With the northern oak-eggar the female scatters her eggs at random as she flies; the brown-tailed moth, however, after depositing her batch of eggs covers them with hairs from her tail-tuft. Commonly, and this is a most interesting fact, both butterflies and moths deposit their eggs on the leaves or stems of the plants which are to be the food-plants of the caterpillars when they emerge. Amid the vast and varied assemblage of plants surrounding them, how do they recognise the particular species on which alone their offspring can feed? But more than this. Does the careful search for the right plant on which to fasten their eggs imply consciousness of their nature and destiny? Many different species of spider enclose their eggs within a silken case, and carry it about with them wherever they go—some species in their jaws, in others attached to their spinnerettes at the end of the body; or they may fasten the precious case to grass, or twigs, and mount guard over it. The scarab-beetle collects a mass of the dung of some herbivorous mammal, fashions it into a ball and therein lays her eggs, so that she not only protects the eggs,

filled he guards them jealously, and when the young hatch out defends them against the females of the neighbourhood, who would greedily devour them. The nest itself is remarkable, for it is made of small pieces of weed held together by a cement exuded from his kidneys. How, and why, and when did this strange physiological eruption come about? One may say that this is the inciting cause of nest-building. But there is no ground for this. Nor is there any satisfactory explanation of his rôle of guardian to the young. But the existence of the species depends on the orderly sequence of these events. The perch-like cichlid fishes are interesting in this connection, because they show evolutionary stages, since some build nests for their eggs, while in others the eggs are carried in the mouth, commonly, apparently, by the male, but in all the African species by the female. What induced the transference of this duty in so many other types from the female to the male?

Among the amphibia—the newts, frogs, and toads—we find a really surprising number of different



2. AN AMPHIBIAN'S STRANGE METHOD OF HATCHING ITS EGGS: THE SNAKE-LIKE, BURROWING ICHTHYOPHIS, WHOSE EGGS, ATTACHED TO ONE ANOTHER BY THREADS, ARE GUARDED BY THE FEMALE, WHO COILS HER BODY ROUND THEM IN AN UNDERGROUND RETREAT.



3. A SNAKE INCUBATING ITS EGGS: A RETICULATED PYTHON AND HER CLUTCH (WHICH MAY NUMBER A HUNDRED-AND-TEN), SOME OF WHICH HAVE BEEN DRAWN AWAY FROM UNDER HER TO SHOW THEIR SHAPE.

This photograph shows well the soft, parchment-like shells of the snake's eggs. They take about three months to hatch. Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

but provides food for her offspring when, in due course, the eggs hatch. The cold-blooded fishes commonly lay vast numbers of eggs, and leave them to their fate. But there are more exceptions to this rule than can be

forms of parental care. Among the Salamanders, the female eel-like American amphiuma winds her eggs round her body and retires to some sheltered spot to await their hatching. A distant relation of amphiuma,

remarkable modes of securing the continuation of the race are not the outcome of conscious effort, but of responses to blind instincts. This conclusion, however, does not in the least help us to get even the glimmering of a notion of the inciting causes which gave rise to, and sustain, these instincts. It is certainly clear that the species thus distinguished by these singular habits owe their survival to-day to their efficient maintenance.

In how far we are to regard parental care as we find it among birds, as purely "instinctive" is a moot point. Are they no more advanced than the bees, or the ants, or have we here, as I venture to think is the case, the dawning of conscious affection? But even here we cannot dismiss the purely instinctive activities, though much of what we see we may, with some justification, put down to "inherited habits." For habits are as surely transmissible from one generation to another as structure.

The newly hatched thrush, blind, naked, and helpless, "instinctively" opens its mouth when hungry. It can have no more notion of food, or whence it comes, than a new-born baby. But what prompted the parents to realise that into the gaping mouths in the nest they must put food, and this, too, often of a kind that they themselves seldom eat? What prompted, and still prompts, the parents to take such meticulous care to remove the excrements of the young? And here we are faced with another mystery. That excrement is always extruded within a delicate pellicle so that it may be removed cleanly and expeditiously. But reciprocal behaviour, perfectly timed, is essential for the successful rearing of offspring. How was this attained?

What brought this strange pellicle into being, of such vital importance to the sanitation of the nest? It is not formed where the young emerge from the egg able to run about almost directly after hatching.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth Than are dreamt of in your Philosophy!"

THE MOON BETWEEN EARTH AND MARS: ONE OF TWO RECENT ECLIPSES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. QUÉNISSET.



AN ECLIPSE OF MARS BY THE MOON THAT WAS VISIBLE FROM LONDON TO THE NAKED EYE: (UPPER) THE PLANET, SEEN AS A SMALL WHITE POINT, JUST EMERGING FROM BEHIND THE LUNAR DISC; (LOWER) COMPLETELY DETACHED.

Londoners had a perfect view of the eclipse of Mars by the Moon on July 17. Mars, which was very bright as it approached the Moon's unilluminated edge, began to fade at 10.13 p.m. and within 30 seconds disappeared. The whole phenomenon was clearly visible to the naked eye. The above photographs (just received) were taken in France, from the observatory at Juvisy, near Paris, and show the planet, as a tiny point of light, reappearing from behind the lunar disc after the eclipse. In a French account by Gabrielle Camille-Flammarion, we read: "On that beautiful summer night, the Moon, two days beyond its first quarter, was shining brilliantly. To the left of its unlit side, a red star attracted attention. It was the planet Mars, our neighbour in space, though a rather remote one, being on that date separated from us by a distance of

62,605,000 miles. One saw the Moon, relatively only a step or two from the Earth—252,818 miles—advancing slowly towards Mars, which vanished behind the dark portion of our satellite, as though struck by an extinguisher. It was 10.17 p.m. (Summer Time). Mars remained hidden for over an hour. Then suddenly, at 11.19 p.m., a small luminous spot emerged on the Moon's right edge, grew round, and finally detached itself from the lunar disc like a pearl of light. Even to the naked eye it was an enchanting spectacle. Through the telescope it was still more beautiful. The small disc of Mars showed a vivid rose colour towards the centre, while its northern pole was snowy white." On August 3, between 9 and 10 a.m., the planet Venus was eclipsed by the crescent of the waning Moon, but in the bright daylight the two bodies were hardly visible.

THE GAME OF HORNUSS:

SOMETHING LIKE TENNIS,
SOMETHING LIKE GOLF.

IT is spring, summer, and autumn which bring some pleasure into the hard life of the peasants in the German-speaking part of Switzerland. They can then practise one of their favourite games, which they call "Hornuss." In English, the word means "hornet," and it is indeed very descriptive.

Outside every village a good, flat ground is chosen. It must be big enough to accommodate two teams—one which strikes the hornuss and the other which has to stop it. The ground is as long as a football field, but double the width. Immediately after the Sunday dinner, groups of men—young and old—leave the house, while the housewife gives the last loving touches to a complicated toilette. Off they go to the playing-field, one man carrying the switches of the group, another the bats or "palettes" of the opposing team. The society which organises the game provides the little stand or trestle, and the disk which serves as the projectile. It is the latter object which is the hornuss. When all the players are assembled, and have carefully folded up their Sunday coats and turned up the bottoms of their heavy trousers, the length of the field is measured once more—a maximum of 90 metres, the distance which the hornuss must on no account exceed.

The batting team takes up position on the field, the most skilful players at 40 to 50 metres from the trestle, which is the starting-point, the others disposed about the ground up to the limit allowed by the game. Each man holds in his hand a kind of flat spade, with which he tries to stop the passage of the hornuss. He may either hold it firmly in his hand and stop the disk at the place where it would naturally pass in its fall to earth, or he may throw it into the air to meet the whizzing object. If in doing so he is skilful enough to touch his objective, the hornuss will fall at the same time as his "palette," and his team has gained a point. The other team remains near the small trestle, which is made either of iron or of wood. The low, curved support enables the thrower the better to calculate his stroke and gives the maximum of precision to the swing of his switch.

The game begins. The hornuss—a kind of small disk, 2½ centimetres in diameter, rounded

flexible rod, one end of which seems to be swollen. The peasant measures his distance—that is to say, 2 to 3 metres. The signal is given to the other team that the hornuss is ready to be struck. The striker grasps

his switch firmly in his two hands and turns round and round until the switch has acquired a tremendous force, thanks to his rotation. At the psychological moment he aims at the hornuss, adjusting his stroke with scientific precision. Planted solidly on both legs, muscles taut, the peasant strikes the hornuss with an incredible force. His stroke is carefully

which misses its mark, either because it did not reach high enough or because it cut through the air too late. Other players have a shot at it. For greater comfort, some of the peasants remove their great, hobnailed boots, and there they are skipping about in the grass, trying to oppose their skill to the swift flight of the hornuss, the whole to the accompaniment of numerous guttural cries. According to whether the hornuss falls to the ground without having been touched by a "palette," or whether it has been interrupted in its course by one of the players, a point is gained by one or the other team. The judges, whose faces express a watchful gravity, note the results on paper.

Thus it may be said that the game is composed of two distinct phases. The first, which is the stroke, resembles the game of golf to a certain extent—the same gesture, the same objective. The other phase is very much like tennis, the point being to intercept the hornuss abruptly in its passage. It is also one of the rare open-air games where the interests of the teams are dissimilar. Football, Rugby, tennis—all team games—are played in the same way by the opposing groups. The game of hornuss differs from these in that the striker's rôle is quite different from that of the men with the "palettes." There is a certain analogy with cricket, but this elegant, leisurely, and gentlemanly game is poles apart from the rustic game of hornuss.

About thirty years ago, all the sections of German-speaking Switzerland were grouped into a federation, and every Sunday grim battles are fought by rival groups. Certain strikers have achieved an extraordinary dexterity, and give to their hornuss a circuit which recalls somewhat that of the boomerang of Australia.

This game is so popular that even the notables of the village do not disdain to turn back their shirt-cuffs and have a go. The vice-president of the Swiss Confederation, M. Minger, a sort of modern Cincinnatus, himself sometimes appears on the playing-fields, and tries to obtain a respite from the heavy responsibilities of office in the exercise of this game. For the time that he participates in these jousts he is no longer the first magistrate of the country, but a simple peasant, and considered as such by his fellow-players. And if he happens to muss up his stroke, criticism rains upon him as upon any other blunderer. The same rusticity of manners is found in certain valleys where the hornuss is played—in the Engadine, in the Valais, and even in certain high valleys of French-speaking Switzerland. In former times, one of the bitterest enemies of



WEARING AROUND THEIR HATS MEDALS SIGNIFYING THAT THEY HAVE TAKEN PART IN NUMEROUS TOURNAMENTS: SWISS PEASANTS ARRIVING ON THE PLAYING-FIELD WITH THEIR SWITCHES AND "PALETES" TO PLAY THE GAME OF HORNUSS.

calculated so that the disk rises rather high and cannot be arrested in its course; and yet it will fall to earth within the prescribed 90 metres.

While the group of throwers follow the stroke critically, expressing their satisfaction or disapprobation, according to the course of the disk, a shrill and multiple shout goes up from the opposite camp. One of the men has marked the trajectory of the hornuss; he raises his arm, yells with all his might to indicate to his team-mates the direction. As the hornuss cuts through the air with great violence one hears the characteristic whizzing sound it makes, rather like the hum of a swarm of bees, or the buzz of the hornet—whence its name.

To the accompaniment of much shouting, the players rush towards the buzzing projectile and throw their "palettes" into the air to meet it. The latter rise 15 to 20 metres, describing a magnificent circle in the air. In most cases the hornuss passes just a little to one side, or, to be exact, it is the "palette"



READY TO STOP THE FLIGHT OF THE HORNUSS BY THROWING HIS "PALETTE" INTO THE AIR OR BY USING IT LIKE A RACQUET: A PLAYER WAITING FOR THE STROKE WITH TENSED MUSCLES.

at the edges—is placed at the extremity of one of the branches of the trestle. So that it will stay there for a few seconds without falling, the peasant fixes it with a little fresh earth. Then he chooses with care one of the switches, the length of which may vary from 2½ to 3 metres. It is like an extremely



SHOUTING TO SIGNAL ITS DIRECTION: PLAYERS RUNNING RAPIDLY TOWARDS THE HORNUSS AS IT SPINS THROUGH THE AIR, IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO STOP ITS FLIGHT WITH THEIR "PALETES."

the hornuss was unquestionably the Church and its ministers. In old local chronicles one can read the protests that were made by the clergy against this inoffensive game. Not that it presents any menace to morality; but those who are addicted to it are apt to forget in their ardour the divine offices. They

[Continued on page 268.]

TENNIS, CRICKET, AND GOLF IN ONE: THE CENTURIES-OLD GAME OF HORNUSS.



"TEE-ING UP" THE HORNUSS FOR A STROKE BY A LEFT-HANDED PLAYER: PLACING THE DISK AT THE END OF ONE OF THE ARMS, OR "RUN-WAYS," ON A SMALL MOUND OF EARTH.



READY FOR THE STROKE WHICH WILL SEND IT SPINNING THROUGH THE AIR: THE HORNUSS IN PLACE AND THE HEAD OF THE PLAYER'S SWITCH PASSING UP THE LEFT "RUN-WAY" BEHIND IT.



GATHERING MOMENTUM FOR HIS STROKE BY TWISTING RAPIDLY AROUND: A PEASANT GETS INTO HIS SWING AFTER CALCULATING THE DISTANCE FROM THE HORNUSS—THE MEMBERS OF THE OPPOSING TEAM CAN BE SEEN DOTTED ABOUT IN THE DISTANCE.



HIS SWITCH BENT ALMOST IN A SEMI-CIRCLE BY THE MOMENTUM OF HIS SWING: A PEASANT ABOUT TO DRIVE THE HORNUSS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE OPPOSING TEAM (IN BACKGROUND).



THE TWO METHODS OF STOPPING THE HORNUSS IN ITS FLIGHT: A "PALETTE" FLUNG HIGH INTO THE AIR (LEFT) AND ANOTHER PLAYER USING ONE, LIKE A TENNIS RACQUET, ON THE GROUND.

The game of hornuss, evolved during the centuries by the German-speaking peasants of Switzerland, has certain points in common with games familiar to us. The "batsman" strikes the disk much in the manner used for the drive in golf; while the "fielders" stop it with racquet-like wooden bats; and (as the article on the opposite page points out) it has a connection with cricket in that, in both games, the opposing teams have a different object in view. The "run-way" on which the hornuss is placed forms a sloping "line" up which the head of the switch

travels and provides a guide for the striker. Two arms are provided—one for left-handed players, the other for right-handed. As the disk travels towards the opposing team its direction is signalled by shouts, and the players become alert. The "palettes" are either thrown into the air to stop the hornuss or held in the hand, and the "fielders" not only have to watch the flight of the disk, but avoid the falling "palettes" of their fellow-players. Some of the peasants attain amazing control of the flight of the hornuss and can make it swerve like a boomerang.

THE IMPERIUM ROMANUM

ROAD-BUILDING; HOUSING; PUBLIC SECURITY, AND



THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ITALIAN RÉGIME IN ABYSSINIA: NATIVES CHANGING MARIA THERESA SILVER DOLLARS FOR ITALIAN BANKNOTES.

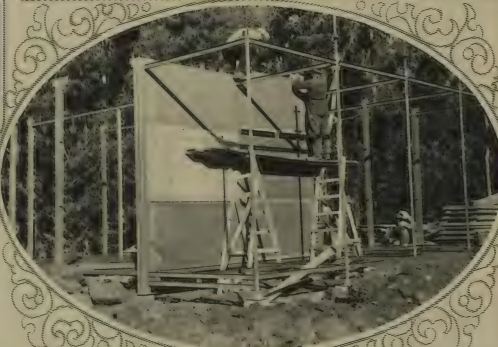


IN ADDIS ABABA UNDER ITALIAN RULE: A NATIVE SHOP, PROTECTED, AS IS HANTUL, BY WIRE NETTING INSTEAD OF GLASS—THE PACKETS IN THE LOWER LEFT-HAND CORNER, APPARENTLY, PLAYING-CARDS.

As we write, Abyssinia is again engaging the attention of the public in this country, since, following the cordial exchange of letters between Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Signor Mussolini, the question of the recognition of the Italian Empire in East Africa by Great Britain is being widely discussed. Italian opinion may even regard this recognition as an essential step in the improvement of relations between the two countries. The actual situation in



PUBLIC SECURITY IN CONQUERED ABYSSINIA: A NOVEL TYPE OF ITALIAN BLOCKHOUSE, MADE OF CONCRETE, FOR GUARDING TOWNS AND IMPORTANT CENTRES.



HOUSE-BUILDING: PUTTING UP A SIMPLE TYPE OF DWELLING FOR WHICH THERE IS A GREAT DEMAND—A STEEL-FRAMED STRUCTURE BUILT FROM MATERIALS IMPORTED FROM EUROPE.



THE BUSY ROADS OF ABYSSINIA: LOBBIES CONTAINING MEN OF A LABOUR BATTALION MEET A COLUMN OF ASKARIS, COMMANDED BY ITALIAN OFFICERS, MARCHING INTO THE INTERIOR.

Abyssinia is difficult to gauge, but it is plain that the Italians are making tremendous efforts to open up the country. A sort of Abyssinian six-year plan was adopted in Rome in June. This allowed for extraordinary expenditure of about £130,000,000 in Italian East Africa in that period. There are nine main categories of works on which the money is being spent. Much the heaviest item is road-building, to which nearly £90,000,000 is allocated;

IN CONQUERED ABYSSINIA.

GENERAL CONDITIONS UNDER THE ITALIAN RÉGIME.



CARE FOR THE NATIVE SOLDIERS SERVING WITH THE ITALIANS: CIRCULAR STONE BUILDINGS FOR ASKARIS AND THEIR FAMILIES.



FREE WATER-SUPPLY: THE GROUP AT A WELL, WHERE FORMERLY THE ABYSSINIAN AUTHORITIES MADE A CHARGE FOR ALL WATER DRAWN—THE NATIVES ALREADY AVAILING THEMSELVES OF DISCARDED CHANTI BOTTLES.



ARTERIES OF EMPIRE IN EAST AFRICA: A SECTION OF THE ROAD AND RAILWAY RUNNING FROM MASSAWA ON THE COAST TO ASMARA—NOW OPEN TO EAST TRAFFIC.

while upwards of £21,000,000 is set aside for building. Another Bill provided for the expenditure over three years of an additional sum of about £32,000,000. This is required for the "fundamental road programme" already far advanced, and entrusted to the Azienda Autonoma Statale della Strada. In the former Bill, about £10,000,000 is given as the State contribution towards balancing the Budget of Italian East Africa. It appears that the Italian Government

is allowing for a deficit of about £34,000,000 as the result of these and other big programmes. In the course of an appreciation of these problems, Signor Cayda, the well-known Italian journalist, stated that, while Addis Ababa is to remain the capital of the Italian Empire, there is to be a new Italian Addis Ababa, built at a distance of twelve miles from the old city and situated at an altitude lower by about 1000 ft.

THE KING OF ITALY'S VICEROY IN ABYSSINIA: MARSHAL GRADANI, AN ACCOMPLISHED LINGUIST, CONVERSING WITH A NATIVE NOTABLE.



PROTECTION OF TRAVELLERS AGAINST BANDITS ON THE DJIBOUTI-ADDIS ABABA RAILWAY: THE MACHINE-GUN CREW THAT IS POSTED IN THE LAST AND FIRST WAGONS OF EVERY TRAIN.

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NEW LIGHT ON THE "HERETIC PHARAOH" BEFORE HIS "REFORMATION."

DISCOVERIES ON THE SITE OF TEMPLES IN NUBIA FOUNDED BY AMENOPHIS IV. BEFORE HE ESTABLISHED HIS NEW RELIGION AT AMARNA, AND CHANGED HIS NAME TO AKHENATEN: INTERESTING RESULTS OF BRITISH RESEARCH AT SESEBI.

By DR. A. M. BLACKMAN, *Brunner Professor of Egyptology in the University of Liverpool, Director of the Excavations at Sesebi. With Copyright Photographs by the Egypt Exploration Society. (See Illustrations opposite.)*

THE Egypt Exploration Society's Nubian Expedition has been excavating during the past winter the fortified town of Sesebi, or Sese, as the inhabitants of the district call it. The excavations, carried out under my direction, with the assistance of Messrs. H. W. Fairman, E. A. Green (architect), and J. G. Griffiths (all three members of Liverpool University), have produced material and information not only of historical and archaeological importance, but of considerable artistic value. The site has been known to Egyptologists for many years, and drawings and photographs of the three standing columns (Fig. 1), which rose high above the debris covering the temple area, have appeared in more than one publication. It was the late Professor J. H. Breasted, however, who discovered, during his survey of ancient Upper Nubian sites in the early part of 1907, that the reliefs of Sethos I., which decorate those three columns are superimposed on erased reliefs of Akhenaten. It was on account of its association with this famous "Heretic King" that the Egypt Exploration Society decided to undertake the excavation of the site, which lies between the second and third cataracts, some 180 miles south of Wadi Halfa, in one of the most inaccessible parts of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. The results of the excavations have undoubtedly justified the Society's decision.

Standing on the west bank of the Nile, about 200 metres (218 yards) distant from the river-bank, the fortress of Sesebi encloses an area of 270 by 200 metres (295 by 218 yards). Its crude-brick buttressed walls are about 4.60 metres (15 ft.) thick and portions of them still rise to the height of 3 to 5 metres (13 to 16 ft.). The width of the buttresses is approximately 3.15 metres (10 ft. 4 in.) and they project 2.65 metres (8 ft. 8 in.) from the face of the actual wall. In each of the four walls were found the remains of a strongly constructed gateway.

Three contiguous temples, erected on a single and unusually solid substructure and extending along the whole of the western side of a large forecourt, which was once enclosed in massive stone walls, are the most imposing feature of the site. These temples have evidently been used as a quarry for building material in past times, and, apart from the columns mentioned above, which belong to the outer hall of the central temple (Fig. 2), little now remains except the bases and bottom drums of the other columns and the lowest courses of the walls. But in the course of clearing the temples a few fragments of reliefs of the finest quality, almost certainly dating from the time of Akhenaten, were recovered. Especially worthy of mention is the fragment displaying two life-size heads of negroes (Fig. 5), which strongly remind one of the representations of captives of that race in a relief from the Memphite tomb of Horemheb.

The two heads in question possibly formed part of a great battle scene, similar to the two scenes painted on the famous wooden coffin of Tutankhamen and to those carved on the walls of XIX.- and XXth-Dynasty temples. If such is the case, then the earliest known example of this particular development in Egyptian pictorial

composition dates from the reign of the "pacifist" Akhenaten! Among other objects found in the debris of the three temples are part of a blue faience votive-tablet, mentioning the sixty-fifth year of the reign of Rameses II., and the half life-size head of a black granite royal statue wearing the tall Upper Egyptian crown (Fig. 6). This head bears a distinct resemblance to the heads of some of the statues of Queen Hatshepsut found by the Metropolitan Museum of New York's expedition during its excavations at Deir el-

were founded by Amenophis IV. before the fourth year of his reign—i.e., before he changed his name to Akhenaten) and also another large blue faience scarab inscribed with the same King's prenomen, "Beautiful-are-the-Forms-of-Ré," followed by the epithet—hitherto not known to have been applied to Amenophis IV.—"Glittering-like-the-Sun's-Orb" (Fig. 7). Other objects included among the deposits were a small scarab and two plaques (Fig. 7), all in blue faience and inscribed with Amenophis IV.'s prenomen, models of a brick-mould and three bricks in wood (Fig. 4), models of various tools and of two doubled-barbed harpoons in copper, quantities of various-coloured beads, and about one hundred small pottery vessels. Above the southernmost of either pair of pits were laid four small ceremonial bricks (Fig. 3).

Towards the end of the season excavation revealed in the foundations of the central temple a small crypt, the walls of which are decorated with reliefs depicting Amenophis IV. seated (sometimes with the Queen) in the company of various divinities, amongst whom are Osiris, Shu, Geb, Atum, and Maat-ré. The subjects of the reliefs and their style, which is the usual style of the XVIIIth Dynasty, not that of the Amarna Age, suggest that the crypt also was constructed and decorated before the above-mentioned King's fourth regnal year. In no other Egyptian temple, save that of Denderah, which was built in the Ptolemaic period, is such a subterranean chamber known to exist. This fact and the polytheistic character of the reliefs make the discovery one of quite unusual importance.

Immediately to the south of the temple area lie three rows of strongly constructed storehouses, and south of these again the south-west section of the residential quarter of the town. The most noteworthy object found in the storehouses is a door-jamb inscribed for Amenemôpe, the vizier of Amenophis II. This jamb, which is possibly the head of a statue of Hatshepsut, and two scarabs found in the cemetery, the one bearing the name of Tethmosis III. and the other that of Tethmosis IV., suggest that there was some sort of Egyptian settlement at Sesebi long before Akhenaten ascended the throne of the Pharaohs. Several scarabs and other small objects bearing the names of Sethos I. and Rameses II. indicate that the town was still flourishing in the XIXth Dynasty.

The houses so far dug have produced much interesting and pleasing material, including children's toys in the shape of pottery models of animals; articles of domestic use, and fragments of Mycenaean oil flasks. It was a surprise to find that Mycenaean pottery had travelled so far south into Africa as Sesebi! The cemetery, which lies at no great distance from the west wall of the town, has yielded, besides a fine collection of scarabs, many other objects of archaeological and artistic value. Most noteworthy among these is an exquisite

white faience vase for unguent (Fig. 8), decorated with a floral design in bright blue and dark purple. Only one other such vase is known and that is in the United States! The Egypt Exploration Society hopes that the clearance of Sesebi will be completed during the first half of the coming season. That work accomplished, the expedition will proceed some miles further north to a very promising-looking and extensive site, which is likely to produce much late XVIIIth- and early XIXth-Dynasty material. It is most desirable that this important work should be carried on without any disturbing breaks in its continuity.



1. BEFORE EXCAVATION: PART OF THE SITE OF THE CENTRAL TEMPLE AT SESEBI—A VIEW LOOKING WEST AND SHOWING THREE COLUMNS WHICH BEAR REMAINS OF RELIEFS OF AKHENATEN BENEATH SUPERIMPOSED RELIEFS OF SETHOS I.



2. AFTER EXCAVATION: THE CENTRAL TEMPLE AT SESEBI—A VIEW LOOKING WEST (AND TAKEN WEST OF THE THREE STANDING COLUMNS SEEN IN FIG. 1), SHOWING A SHALLOW FLIGHT OF STEPS IN THE SECOND COLUMNED HALL AND THE BASIS FOR A BOAT-SHRINE STILL IN PLACE IN THE SANCTUARY.

Bahri, and so may be a portrait of that famous royal lady. Hatshepsut, be it noted, is possibly the Princess whom Hebrew tradition associates with the rescue of the infant Moses.

Under the north-west and south-west corners of the substructure of the three temples were found intact four sets of foundation-deposits (Figs. 3, 4, and 7). These deposits, which were placed in four small pits (e.g., Fig. 3)—two at each corner—comprised two blue faience plaques and a large blue faience scarab (all bearing the name "Amenhotep-God-[and]-Ruler-of-Thebes," and thus showing that the three temples

THE NEW DISCOVERIES AT SESEBI:

RELICS OF AMENOPHIS IV. (AFTERWARDS KNOWN AS AKHENATEN), AND A POSSIBLE PORTRAIT OF "PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER" WHO SAVED THE INFANT MOSES.



3. ONE OF FOUR FOUNDATION DEPOSIT PITS CONTAINING RECORDS OF AMENOPHIS IV.: THAT BENEATH THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THE SUB-STRUCTURE OF THE THREE TEMPLES—SHOWING FOUR MODEL BRICKS COVERING IT.



4. ARTICLES FROM TWO OF THE FOUNDATION DEPOSITS UNDER THE TEMPLES: WOODEN MODELS OF THREE BRICKS, A BRICK MOULD (TOP CENTRE), AND TWO OBJECTS (RIGHT AND LEFT) OF UNCERTAIN PURPOSE.

REGARDING Fig. 7 the full descriptive note reads: "The two large plaques (centre) and the upper of the two large scarabs (right) bear the name 'Amenhotep-God-(and-) Ruler-of-Thebes.' The other large scarab bears the King's prenomen, 'Nefer-Kheperu-Rê' ('Beautiful-are-the-Forms-of-Rê'), along with the epithet 'Glittering-like-the-Sun's-Orb.' The two little plaques and other objects (left) bear the pre-nomen only." Amenhotep is a variant of Amenophis. The late Professor Breasted (whose discovery at Sesebi is recalled by Professor Blackman) writes in his "Ancient Times": "Amen-hotep IV. became King about 1375 B.C. He was convinced that the sun-god was the god of the whole world, and . . . the only god. There was an old Egyptian word 'aton' which meant 'sun,' and Amen-hotep IV. took this word as the name for his new god. . . . He hated Amon, or Amen, the great Theban god. . . . He therefore changed his name Amen-hotep to Ikhnaton (*alias* Akhenaten), which means 'Profitable to Aton.'"



5. PROBABLY OF AKHENATEN'S TIME: TWO LIFE-SIZE NEGRO HEADS IN RELIEF—A FRAGMENT OF A BATTLE SCENE FROM HIS TEMPLE AT SESEBI.



6. POSSIBLY QUEEN HATSHEPUT, SOMETIMES ASSOCIATED WITH THE STORY OF MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES: A ROYAL STATUE HEAD IN BLACK GRANITE, FROM THE NORTHERN TEMPLE.



7. TWO PLAQUES AND A SCARAB BEARING THE NAME AMENHOTEP (AMENOPHIS), WITH ANOTHER SCARAB AND SMALL PLAQUES BEARING HIS PRENOMEN: OBJECTS FROM THE FOUR FOUNDATION DEPOSITS.



8. ONE OF ONLY TWO KNOWN EXAMPLES: A LATE XVIIIth-DYNASTY UNGUENT VASE OF WHITE FAIENCE, WITH FLORAL PATTERN IN BRIGHT BLUE AND DARK PURPLE.

ARABIA, THE PHOENIX.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"HISTORY OF THE ARABS": By PHILIP K. HITTI.*

(PUBLISHED BY MACMILLAN.)

THIS close-packed volume contains the story of the Arabians and Arabic-speaking peoples from the earliest times down to the final Ottoman conquest in 1517. The field is too vast, the facts are too multitudinous to make easy reading, and nothing like a real survey can be given in this short space; but what a story it is! Again and again we are on the very border of fairy-tale.

But then Arabia, the source of the magic, is a true wonderland. Shut in between the sea and the desert, it keeps, even to-day, the remnant of a far more than sphinx-like mystery; its desert heart is still, as it always has been, unexplored, unconquered, immune from change. The great empires of antiquity—the Persian, the Macedonian, the Roman—had to stop short of it. No immigrations have ever come to transform its people. Yet this unchanging, inviolate land is a source of life; from its burning emptiness the Semitic race has poured out, wave after wave, through recorded time, to become, by conquest and amalgamation, the ancient Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, the Phœnicians—an unending list. And "the Babylonians, the Chaldeans, the Phœnicians were, but are no more; the Arabians and the Arabic-speaking peoples were, and remain." In our own day they are awaking to life again. We all know the story of the phoenix, the Arabian bird, endlessly re-created from its own ashes. Arabia is itself the immortal Phoenix.

In classical times, it was the south-west corner of the peninsula which was known to Europe. This was the "gorgeous Araby" of the incense-trees. To Herodotus

verted the people turned primarily because of self-interest." The conquerors did not often persecute; the unbelievers' money—in the form of a poll-tax—was of more use than their lives. For a measure of indulgence to the Scripturaries—Christians and Jews—Islam had the authority of the Prophet; and the system stretched, before long, to include Zoroastrians. Many Jews and Christians held high positions under the caliphate, and some of the greatest names in Islamic culture belong to non-Moslems.

It is a mistake, too, to think of the caliphate as primarily a religious office. The caliph succeeded to Muhammad's place as leader of Islam, not to the inspiration of Allah; he was "defender of the faith" only as Christian kings and emperors were supposed to be, and the title "commander of the believers" stresses his military authority. The only Moslems to regard the caliphate as a sort of Papacy were the Shi'ite sects, who believed that inspiration was handed down in the line of 'Ali, the Prophet's son-in-law. This Shi'ite heresy was one of the major cleavages in Islam, but far from the only one; almost from the beginning, Arab individualism asserted itself, with the result that the Moslem empire attained its apogee very early, and soon split up. By the time Islamic culture had reached its full glory, the Islamic nation had ceased to be; instead, there were a number of independent and often hostile Islamic states.

The immediate successors of Muhammad formed the "orthodox" caliphate. The third and the fourth—'Ali himself—were both murdered; and after 'Ali, the caliphate passed to the Umayyads, who made it hereditary. But the order of succession was never fixed, either in the Umayyad or in later dynasties, and this, of course, multiplied occasions of discord. 'Ali had moved the seat of government from Arabia to Iraq; the Umayyad capital was Damascus. These Umayyad caliphs were gay, cultured, music-loving, devotees of wine, song, and poetry; great builders also, and in every way royal, if only very moderately religious. In 750 they fell before a new dynasty, the Abbasids, who consolidated the triumph by murdering every Umayyad they could lay their hands on. The Abbasids established themselves in Iraq, and as its new capital built the almost legendary city of Baghdad.

The glories of the Abbasid caliphate in its prime dazzled all beholders, and have dazzled the imagination of posterity ever since. It was a period, not only of almost fabulous wealth, splendour and social brilliance, but of amazing intellectual activity. The caliphs al-Rashid and al-Ma'mun "were delving into Greek and Persian philosophy when their contemporaries in the West, Charlemagne and his lords,

were dabbling in the art of writing their names. . . . In three-quarters of a century after the building of Baghdad, the Arabic-speaking world was in possession of the chief philosophical works of Aristotle, of the leading neo-Platonic commentators, and of most of the medical writings of Galen, as well as of Persian and Indian scientific works." Culture was not merely intensive, but fairly general. The mosque had become a centre of education, where any Moslem could hear free lectures on religion, language and



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN REPRESENTATIONS OF ARABIANS—
C. 2000 B.C. AND 1500 B.C. RESPECTIVELY.

From "History of the Arabs," in which they are reproduced from G. Elliot Smith's "The Ancient Egyptians and the Origin of Civilisation."

poetry. Often it contained a library, especially rich in religious works; while many more libraries, "established by dignitaries or men of wealth as semi-public institutions, housed collections bearing on logic, philosophy, astronomy, and other sciences. Scholars and men of standing had no difficulty in finding access even to private collections." Literary salons, of course, were numerous, and at court scholars, musicians, singers and poets enjoyed especial favour.

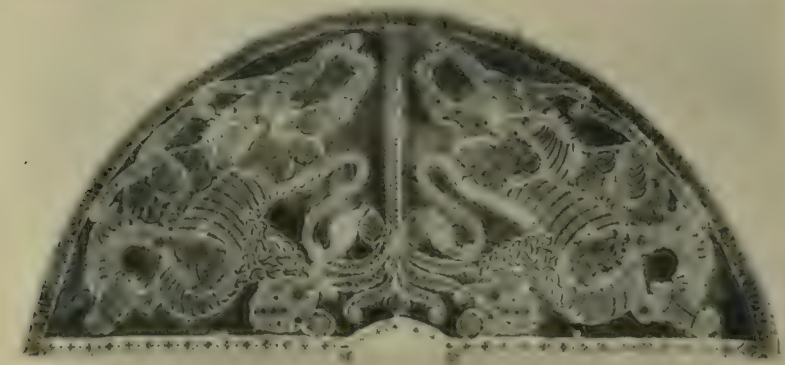
In 830 al-Ma'mun founded his "House of Wisdom," a combined translation-bureau, library and academy, which was soon followed by a number of residential colleges. Observatories were built, and were used as schools of astronomy. The Moslem hospital had its special wards for women, its own dispensary, often its library and medical school. Original work was being done in almost all sciences, especially in medicine, chemistry, and astronomy-mathematics. Among a crowd of the illustrious I will name only two, both Persian, and both destined to be world-famous: "Avicenna," the physician and metaphysician, so well known to scholastic Europe, and the still more celebrated Omar Khayyám, who was not only a poet, but a first-rate astronomer and mathematician. At this period, or a little later, Islam borrowed from India the "Arabic" numerals, the zero, and the decimal system, and from China the manufacture of paper. Ja'far, Harun's famous vizier, was the first to substitute paper for parchment in the Government offices. And these borrowings, with so much else, were passed on to Europe.

Not direct from Baghdad. The two great centres of influence were in Spain and Sicily. Spain, like Fatimid Egypt, had soon its own caliph—in Spain an Umayyad, descended from a survivor of the Abbasid slaughter. Cordova, the Umayyad capital, "the jewel of the world," was hardly less dazzling and cultured than its eastern rival; and the "party kings" who sprang up on its decline each made their chief city a seat of learning. Sicily is a case apart, for it reached the heyday of its Islamic culture under two Christian sovereigns—the "baptized sultans of Sicily"—Roger II. and the Emperor Frederick of Hohenstaufen. To Moslem Sicily and Spain Europe owes the first impulse to vernacular poetry, the troubadours, and the theme of Platonic love.

Islamic dynasties, whether in Egypt or Iraq, all went the same way. Local governors shook off their dependence, and the ruler came to lean more and more on a foreign bodyguard—Turkish, Persian or Circassian—which, in the end, became the supreme authority, and made and unmade caliphs as it saw fit. The Saljuq Turks were the most beneficent of these foreign dictators; they "vied with one another in patronising the arts and higher education," and Abbasid culture achieved fresh triumphs under their aegis. Even the bloodthirsty Mamluks, the "slave sultans" of Egypt, with all the devastation they wrought, were great builders; and their armies kept Egypt against the Mongols, by whom Iraq and Syria were swept bare.

Long before the last Mamluk was hanged at Cairo, Islamic culture had passed its zenith; indeed, by the end of the tenth century it was almost at a stand, and it was left for the West to develop the legacy of young Islam. But the Arabian phoenix is perhaps rising again.

K. J.



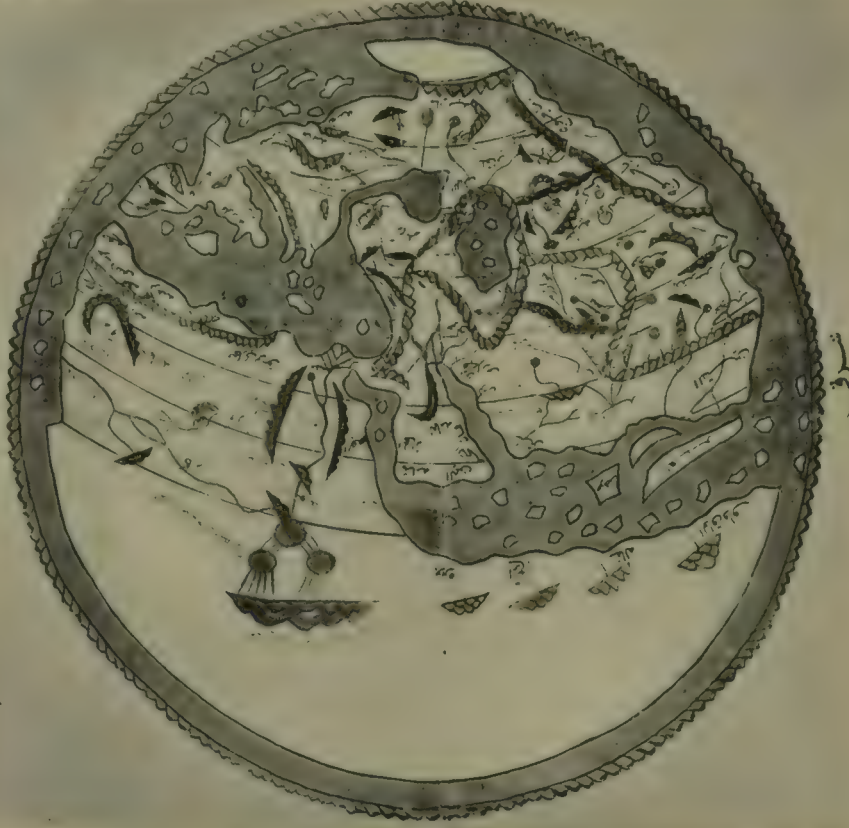
WITH A KUFIC INSCRIPTION ON THE SEMI-CIRCULAR BORDER: THE CORONATION MANTLE OF ROGER II.

"Roger II, dressed like a Moslem and his critics called him the 'half-heathen king.' His robe bore decorative Arabic characters. Even under his grandson William II. (1166-89) Ibn-Jubayr saw the Christian women of Palermo wearing Moslem costumes." This mantle is now in the Weltliche Schatzkammer, Vienna.

From "History of the Arabs." After a Photograph by Österreichische Lichtbildstelle, Vienna.

"the whole of Arabia exhales a delicious fragrance," and the trees which bear the frankincense are guarded by clouds of winged serpents. North from this fragrant country went the "great spice road," and on the spice road lay the torrid city of Makkah, "the pantheon of multitudinous deities," the centre, even then, of a pan-Arabian pilgrimage. Here the natives were Bedouins, unknown to the outside world, with no history except a spirited record of tribal warfare. But among them, in the seventh Christian century, rose the Prophet, whose people were to conquer, in an incredibly short space of time, most of the then civilised world. The Allah preached by Muhammad is mentioned in inscriptions five centuries before Islam; he began as the chief, though not the sole Makkan deity. Muhammad, of course, proclaimed him as the one god, and in so doing turned the tribal, individualistic Arabs into a nation. Within a century of its rise, Islam had acquired an empire greater than that of Rome at its zenith.

Historians, in the past, were apt to treat this as a movement of armed fanaticism; they depicted Islam sweeping the East with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other. Actually, the Islam that conquered "was not the Islamic religion but the Islamic state." It is the old story of the Arabian phoenix; every so often, these desert-dwellers had to overflow their own boundaries. "Not until the second and third centuries of the Moslem era did the bulk of the people in Syria, Mesopotamia and Persia profess the religion of Muhammad. Between the military conquest of these regions and their religious conversion a long period intervened. And when they were con-



BASED ON AL-IDRISI: AN ARABIC MAP OF THE WORLD.

"The line of Sicilian Arabophiles started by Roger I. culminated in his son and successor, Roger II. (1130-54) and in Frederick II. . . . The chief ornament of Roger II.'s court was al-Idrisi, the most distinguished geographer and cartographer of the Middle Ages. Born in Ceuta in 1100 of Hispano-Arab parents, abu-'Abdullah Muhammad ibn-Muhammad al-Idrisi (d. 1166) did his life work at Palermo under the patronage of Roger II."

From "History of the Arabs," in which it is reproduced by Permission of the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

* "History of the Arabs." By Philip K. Hitti, Professor of Semitic Literature on the William and Annie S. Paton Foundation, Princeton University. (Macmillan and Co.; 31s. 6d.)



**A NEW CHILEAN SPECIES WHICH FLOWERED AND SET SEED IN THIS COUNTRY: *PUYA ALPESTRIS*;
REMARKABLE FOR THE UNUSUAL BLUE-GREEN COLOUR OF ITS FLOWERS AND THE BASE WITH WHICH IT CAN BE CULTIVATED HERE.**

Our readers may recall that we published in our issue of June 7, 1930, a photograph in colour of a Chilean plant—"Glory of the Sun"—which that well-known botanist and plant-collector, Mr. Clarence Elliott, had brought back from his expedition to Chile in 1927-28. On this page we illustrate another novelty—*Puya alpestris*—which Mr. Elliott discovered, during a subsequent expedition, growing amongst the hills outside Concepcion. In appearance, this plant might be a pygmy variety of the huge *Puya cerulea*—the leaf rosettes are only eighteen inches across,

instead of four or five feet, and the flower spikes are three to four feet high, instead of twelve—but it has been identified as a distinct species. The flowers, about the size of a man's thumb, like that of *P. cerulea*, are deep, three-petalled goblets of waxy, silken texture of an unearthly blue-green. Standing up in the centre is a cluster of brilliant orange anthers, and in the middle of these is a tufted stigma of bright lettuce-green velvet. *P. alpestris* is essentially a pot plant, but it is easy to cultivate, needing only a greenhouse free from frost, and moderate watering.

From the Photograph by Messrs. Reginald A. Malby.



HEELING OVER WITH HELM AMIDSHIPS AFTER COMPLETING AN EMERGENCY TURN TO PORT: H.M.S. "RODNEY" AVOIDING A TORPEDO ATTACK.

When the Home Fleet is returning from manoeuvres it is usually subjected to practice attacks by submarines and aircraft. Our picture shows the "Rodney" completing a turn in order to avoid a torpedo attack. This is

an evolution which needs to be carried out with promptness and precision, and sometimes a whole squadron of battleships or cruisers may be seen turning, as if controlled by a single wheel. The "Rodney" is one of Britain's

two largest battleships, and carries the heaviest armament in the Navy. Her nine 16-inch guns, which have a range of 35,000 yards, are mounted in triple turrets forward. She has a displacement of 33,900 tons. Her

unusual design is the result of her having been modified after her keel was laid, in order to bring her into line with restrictions imposed by the Washington Treaty. Her length overall is 710 ft. Her speed is 23 knots. She cost £7,617,799.



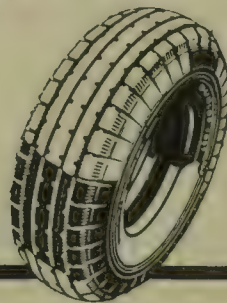
FAMOUS FORTS

WINDSOR CASTLE

Though the Saxon Kings had a residence at Windsor, the present Castle was begun as a fortress by William the Conqueror on the site now occupied by The Famous Round Tower.

Of all the mediaeval strongholds, none retains its pristine splendour so well as the royal residence at Windsor. By apt analogy DUNLOP, the first practical pneumatic tyre for the comfort and protection of wheeled transport, still holds in the new DUNLOP Fort, the premier place for safety, length of service and economical upkeep.

The New **DUNLOP**



Fort

THE ROYAL VISIT TO BALMORAL: THEIR MAJESTIES' WELL-EARNED HOLIDAY.



AT BALLATER DURING THE DRIVE FROM ABERDEEN TO BALMORAL: THE QUEEN TALKING TO LORD ABERDEEN, WHILE THE PRINCESSES WATCH THE GUARD OF HONOUR.



THE ROYAL CAR, CHEERED BY A ROADSIDE CROWD, APPROACHING BALMORAL, SHORTLY BEFORE ITS OCCUPANTS TRANSFERRED TO AN OPEN CARRIAGE DRAWN BY ESTATE WORKERS.



THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH PRINCESSES ELIZABETH AND MARGARET, DRIVING BACK TO BALMORAL CASTLE AFTER DIVINE SERVICE AT CRATHIE CHURCH: AN OCCASION WHEN LARGE CROWDS OF ONLOOKERS, AT THE KING'S DESIRE, REFRAINED FROM CHEERING—(INSET ABOVE) HIS MAJESTY IN BALMORAL TARTAN.

The King and Queen, with Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, went north by a night train from London, and arrived on August 4, the Queen's birthday, at Aberdeen. Thence they motored the remaining fifty miles to Balmoral, for their six weeks' holiday on Deeside. They were greeted with much enthusiasm both in Aberdeen itself and at all the towns and villages they passed through. At Ballater, 7½ miles from Balmoral, their Majesties were welcomed by the Marquess of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of the County. Near Balmoral Castle they transferred to an open landau (built in 1868 for Queen Victoria), which was drawn to

the Castle by sixty-eight estate workers. His Majesty wore the kilt and plaid of the Balmoral tartan, with a tweed jerkin. During the next two days he spent much time walking over his grouse moors examining prospects for the Twelfth. On Sunday, August 8, their Majesties and the Princesses attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, driving thither and back in an open landau. The great crowds gathered to see them were respectfully silent, in deference to the King's wishes that there should be no cheering. Later the Queen and her daughters drove to Glamis Castle to stay some days with her parents, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore.

MADRID UNDER FIRE: CINEMAS; BARRICADES; EDUCATING THE SOLDIER.



BARRICADES THAT WOULD NOW MAKE THE ENTRY INTO MADRID A FORMIDABLE TASK: PART OF THE BRICKWORK-SYSTEM BUILT IN STREETS LEADING DOWN TO THE MANZANARES, IT IS STATED, UNDER RUSSIAN SUPERVISION.



PROTECTING MADRID'S FINEST MONUMENTS: A STATUE BEING BUILT-UP WITH BRICKWORK AND SANDBAGS; SURROUNDED BY MADRILEÑOS TAKING THE AIR.



COMBINING EDUCATION WITH MILITARY SERVICE IN MADRID: ONE OF THE DUG-OUT SCHOOLS FOR SOLDIERS MAINTAINED BY THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT BEHIND THE LINES.



CINEMA-GOING UNDER SHELL-FIRE IN MADRID: THE CROWD OUTSIDE A PLAZA DEL CALLAO FILM THEATRE WHERE AN AMERICAN PICTURE OF AIR WARFARE WAS WATCHED BY AUDIENCES CRITICAL OF TECHNICAL MISTAKES!



PROTECTING STATUES AGAINST BOMBARDMENT: A MONUMENT COMPLETELY COVERED IN; WITH A LONG STRIP OF PROPAGANDA ROUND THE BASE.



A PUPIL IN A GOVERNMENT SCHOOL FOR SOLDIERS—AN INSTITUTION, WHICH, IT IS CLAIMED, HAS ALREADY PRODUCED A MARKED REDUCTION IN SPANISH ILLITERACY.

P. H. Saint, who sends us these photographs, furnishes some interesting details on present conditions in Madrid: "For nearly a year," he writes, "the city has been half-starved—a little horse meat and black bread once a day being the average ration—and for nearly a year under more or less constant bombardment. Yet cinemas are still open. A striking fact is that the Government has reduced literacy from 40 per cent. to 10 per cent. in one year of war, by carrying on a strenuous educational campaign hand-in-hand with military training. An

interesting point about the defence of Madrid is that although it is quite common for 600 shells to drop in a kilometre's radius in two hours, not a Fascist aeroplane has flown over the centre of the capital since mid-January. This is owing to the efficiency of Madrid's anti-aircraft ring. I have watched twenty-five 'Fascist' machines try to pass a curtain of 'Archies' at 9000 feet, and have seen several hit, the planes coming down in flames. As many as 150 'Archies' have exploded in two minutes leaving a sort of smoke-screen floating in the sky."

A SPANISH ARTIST WITH FRANCO'S FORCES: TEJADA CIVIL WAR DRAWINGS.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY CARLOS S. DE TEJADA.



THE RAVAGES OF CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: A BRIDGE BLOWN UP BY THE RETREATING BASTARDS AT BILBAO.



IN SPAIN, WHERE POLITICAL FANATICISM HAS BROUGHT DEATH TO UNTOLD THOUSANDS: A GOVERNMENT TRENCH CAPTURED IN A BAYONET ATTACK.



STAINCH SUPPORTERS OF GENERAL FRANCO: A POST MANNED BY CARLIST REQUETES WITH A LIGHT AUTOMATIC; A CROSS PLANTED ON THE PARAPET.

We continue here our series of reproductions of drawings by Señor Carlos S. de Tejada, an artist who is with General Franco's forces in the Spanish Civil War. In our last issue we gave a drawing in colour showing *requetés*—Carlist volunteers—going over the top. Before that we have illustrated a number of other types of General Franco's forces as seen by Señor de Tejada, including men of the Fascist Falange Española and the Spanish Regular Army units. The



A FREAK OF WAR: A POT OF GERANIUMS LEFT STANDING ON A WINDOW-SILL OF A WRECKED SPANISH MANSION.

scenes depicted on this page afford pictorial evidence of the grim seriousness with which the contest is being fought, at least on certain fronts in Spain—though on others, it must be admitted, stagnation appears to have set in and a "live and let live" arrangement grown up between the two sides. In the vital sectors fighting has been marked by intense bitterness and the ravages of war have been very heavy, far worse than many seem to imagine.

CARICATURE AS POLITICAL PROPAGANDA FOR THE GOVERNMENT IN THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR:



NON-INTERVENTION AS VALENCIA SHOWS IT IN AN ANTI-FASCIST EXHIBITION: A SESSION OF REBELLENT FIGURES REPRESENTING NATIONS ON THE COMMITTEE—PEACE, ON HER PEDestal, DEPICTED AS HALTING ON CRUTCHES.



A GROUP THAT REPRESENTS "THE ROBOTS OF THE TOTALITARIAN STATE": GERMAN SOLDIERS WHO OBEY THE PRESSURE OF A BUTTON BY THEIR MONOCLED COMMANDING OFFICER; BEHIND HIM A SPANISH FASCIST.

"THE Illustrated London News" pursues its policy of maintaining complete impartiality on the Spanish conflict. Elsewhere in this issue will be found further drawings by Señor Carlos de Toljeda, an artist with General Franco's forces. Here we reproduce a series of photographs of exhibits in an anti-Fascist exhibition, at Valencia, which represents the Government point of view. The taste for savage political caricature died out in this country in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, but still retains its hold on the Continent. In France, Daumier, Traviès, and Henri Monnier were followed by Forain, Caran d'Ache, and Toulouse-Lautrec; and in our own day by the artists of "Le Rire" and "Cand'opposite."



PORTUGAL HELD UP TO THE DERISION AND HATRED OF SPANISH GOVERNMENT SUPPORTERS BECAUSE OF HER FASCIST SYMPATHIES: A PORTUGUESE SAILOR LENDS A HAND WITH A PACKAGE LABELLED "SEVILLA" "LISBON."



CARICATURE FIGURES OF HITLER AND MUSSOLINI, WITH THEIR DOG LABELLED "FRANCO," WHO IS SHOWN RETRIEVING FOR THEM A FRAGMENT LABELLED "MAJORCA," IN THE VALENCIA ANTI-FASCIST EXHIBITION.



THE PÖHRER AS ANTI-FASCIST VALENCIA SEES HIM.



A GROUP SATIRISING INSURGENT STRATEGY IN SPAIN: GENERAL FRANCO AND A GERMAN STAFF OFFICER STUDYING THE PROBLEM OF HOW TO SWALLOW THE BONE, MADRID.



IL DUCE AS ANTI-FASCIST VALENCIA SEES HIM.

FIGURES SATIRISING NON-INTERVENTION, FRANCO, AND FASCISM EXHIBITED AT VALENCIA.



MEMBERS OF THE NON-INTERVENTION COMMITTEE GROUP: THE GERMAN (LEFT), A PICKELHAUBE SPIKE SPROUTING FROM HIS HEAD AND A TANK UPON HIS KNEE (LABELLED "VERY FRAGILE IN GUADALAJARA"); AND AN ITALIAN WHO HAS A CAPRONI BOMBER AS A PRESENT FOR GENERAL FRANCO.



"THE THREE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST": A MOOR, SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (BEARING A BOMBER), AND HERE HITLER (HEARING A TANK)—OBJECTS OF HATRED TO SPANISH GOVERNMENT SUPPORTERS.



GERMANY'S CONTRIBUTION TO NON-INTERVENTION SATIRISED IN VALENCIA: A FAT-CHEEKED RAT WHO CARRIES HIS KULTUR ABOUT WITH HIM IN A BOX.

"Crapoullet." In Germany George Grosz and "Simplizimus" still flourish after the war. But it is, above all, in Bolshevik Russia that caricature, and particularly dummies and cut-outs, have been found useful when mass-emotions and attitudes are to be instilled into a largely illiterate proletariat. Probably the crude and savage figures illustrated on these pages owe something to Russian example. The correspondent who has furnished the photographs notes of them: "The Association of Spanish artists has, with the help of the best-known Spanish painters and sculptors, including Renau and Luis Alberto, got together an exhibition of satirical figures. The exhibition is dedicated first and foremost to the peasants and workers of the country, and is aimed at enlightening them on the comedy of Non-Intervention."

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

AGE ON THE STAGE.

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE spent last winter in America and will spend the early part of next winter there too. In the meantime he has made welcome re-appearance at the Malvern Festival and may act in London in the same piece early in the New Year. At any rate, we shall hope to see him back in one play or another in February next. New York and Hollywood can have some of our best actors some of the time (on occasion they give us theirs), but not all our best actors all the time.

Sir Cedric's part was that of Grandfather Fitton in a play called "Return to Sanity," by G. Wynne Rushton and T. South Mack. Old Fitton had quarrelled with his rich and righteous wife, had been rated as a drunkard, a gambler, and a wastrel, and had been turned out to live on a pound a week (ten shillings from the family and ten from the State) by smug elder son and daughter. On this, and by canvassing books for hire-purchase, he just managed to drag along in a down-at-heel, befuddled, but not altogether unhappy way from door to door—or bar to bar.

It is the kind of part which Sir Cedric plays magnificently. It was his only part at Malvern this year, and when he took the stage one had the immediate sensation of authority. This was acting on a bigger scale, of a richer quality, than anything we had seen so far. One did not surmise. One knew. This was the real histrionic thing. That is what "star-quality" implies. There are plenty of people called stars whose names are written in large letters and top their various bills. But the true star is known not by aid of electricity, large type, and illuminated alphabet, but by direct and certain sensation. A man or woman suddenly emerges on a stage, and in a flash we apprehend that they are different from the others, out-topping all average ability.

It would be absurd to say, after his performance in "Tovarich" and "The Apple Cart," that Sir Cedric relies upon the ruggedness, angularity, and asperity of old age to assist his creations. But his first great triumph was as Churdles Ash, the old "wise-cracking" curmudgeon in "The Farmer's Wife," and he has given us some fierce as well as fruity he-ancients since then. There was Mr. Barrett

of Wimpole Street, as well as the old soak of "Yellow Sands." His Grandpa Fitton in "Return to Sanity" belongs to that school of antiques; he has the slow, jerky walk, the stiff carriage of the body, the wooden set of the gnarled, hairy head, and the way of snapping out shrewd remarks from the side of the mouth. The whole composition

presiding genius of the Malvern Festival, Mr. Bernard Shaw, who sports the beard of antiquity outside a brain that does not flag (at eighty-one) and a body that is still agile, lithe, and upright.

It is a curious habit of an actor or an actress to assume that parenthood means great age. Mothers and fathers on the stage, whose children are just adolescent, are often played as though they were sixty or more. Character-parts, if they are seniors, nearly always give the aspect of a dozen years too many, at least for our own period. Surely it is one of the features of our time that people no longer show their age: quite apart from the feminine prowess in facial preservation, there are plenty of men of seventy to-day who can hardly be distinguished from those of fifty. Some ladies of seventy could pass for forty without assistance of the dark and the light behind them. It is the more curious that players should so often exaggerate the effects of age, since, in real life, they are the first to conceal them. What youngsters our theatrical veterans seem to be!

This reminds me, that when Mr. Gielgud played Prospero some years ago at the Old Vic, he did not make him into a blanched and full-bearded dotard, but conceived him as a liberal-minded Italian noble in early middle-age who might be the father of a very young girl. Now that Mr. Gielgud has announced his winter programme, I wish he would substitute "The Tempest" for "The Merchant of Venice." He must recreate that lovely Prospero for us before long, and before Mr. Leslie French is too mature to be his Ariel.

We have wandered, by way of the wig-maker's shop, some way from Grandfather Fitton, as Sir Cedric presented him at Malvern. Sir Cedric rightly understands that the wrinkles and the rheumatics of age must not be underlined in order to get easy laughter. At Malvern we had further reminder of the fact that old age can seem

young enough from Miss Phyllis Shand, who appeared as the old lady in that very old English farce, "Gammer Gurton's Needle." In the fighting episode she behaved like a cartload of monkeys, a bagful of cats, and a daring young man on the flying trapeze rolled into one. And she was supposed to be a she-ancient!



WHERE THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL NATIONAL THEATRE WILL STAND: NOS. 1 TO 7, CROMWELL GARDENS, SOUTH KENSINGTON; BOUGHT FOR £75,000.

It was announced last week that the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre Committee had bought Nos. 1 to 7, Cromwell Gardens, South Kensington, opposite the Victoria and Albert Museum, for a national theatre. They are paying the Office of Works £75,000 for it. A further appeal for funds will be made. The scheme for such a theatre was outlined twenty-nine years ago.

of old Fitton may be familiar to Sir Cedric's many admirers; it remains admirable, even if it does not strike one as wholly original.

He might, of course, have produced a new type of senility altogether, something frailer, more buttoned up, more seedy and pallid. Indeed, I think the part of old Fitton

might have gained by a performance which made him more of a pathetic old codger and less of a self-sufficient old "card." If Sir Cedric spent a couple of observant evenings in the taverns of some shabby suburb where collapsed gentry are likely to drop in for a consoling glass, he might have found the kind of moth-eaten model, more grey, less rubicund, which I have in mind. His answer may be that he did spend such evenings in such places and that old Fitton is the true report of his experience. If that be so, I withdraw with the usual apologies.

In any case, his old man in the play has certain excellent aspects of authenticity. For example, he is not too old. He is not ancient in the conventional way. He is not an exhibition of dramatic dotage. Excess of age is the commonest of stage-mistakes. Just as, when stage-drinking is on, the characters are made to toss down most unpalatable and unbelievable tumblerfuls of neat whisky—a drink which very few take thus raw in real life. So, when three-score years are mentioned, the actor, especially in the classics, assumes a snow-white beard, an arthritic immobility, and makes a squeaky piping take the place of ordinary speech. How often does an actual old man thus squeak like the stage-gaffer?

King Lear, of course, was very old, but there is no need to smother him in a Father Christmas beard. Mr. Agate, I think, once remarked of a certain actor that "he plays Lear in a beard so immense that on matinée days he must begin to 'make up' after breakfast." I have just returned from a holiday on which I met a gentleman of eighty-two who daily went round a long and difficult golf-course with only two clubs and was vexed if he did not get round in eighty-two strokes. Actors performing an octogenarian's rôle should remember that venerable and formidable athlete. They should also bear in mind the annually



STANLEY WEYMAN'S "UNDER THE RED ROBE" AS A FILM: ANNABELLA AS LADY MARGUERITE.

"Under the Red Robe," released by Twentieth Century-Fox, is, of course, adapted from the famous novel by Stanley J. Weyman. The production is by Robert T. Kane and the direction is by Victor Seastrom. The film was made at the Denham Studios. Conrad Veidt plays Gil de Berault and Raymond Massey is the Cardinal Richelieu. Others seen are Romney Brent, Sophie Stewart, F. Wyndham Goldie, and Baliol Holloway.



SACHA GUITRY'S FILM "LES PERLES DE LA COURONNE," WHICH HAS MET MUCH SUCCESS IN PARIS AND IS TO BE SEEN IN LONDON: JACQUELINE DELUBAC (MME. SACHA GUITRY) AS JOSEPHINE DE BEAUHARNAIS, AFTERWARDS THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

"Les Perles de la Couronne" concerns the history of seven famous pearls through over two centuries. The parts are played in various languages—for instance, the Henry VIII. (Lyn Harding) and the Queen Elizabeth (Mlle. Pienne) speak English; while Pope Clement VII. (Ermette Zacconi) speaks Italian—[By Courtesy of Films Sonores Tobis].

A FAMOUS ITALIAN RENAISSANCE PAINTING GONE TO AMERICA.

BY COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON, U.S.A.



THIS famous panel, ascribed to the fifteenth-century Umbrian architect-painter, Fra Carnevale, is one of a pair formerly in the Barberini Palace at Rome, and was purchased by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts from the collection of Prince Corsini, who secured it several years ago at the division of the Barberini estate. The companion picture is the "Birth of the Virgin," acquired last year for the Metropolitan Museum, New York. An official description states: "It is believed that the paintings formed part of the collections of the Montefeltro and Della Rovere families, appropriated and brought from Urbino to Rome about 1630 by Maffeo Barberini, Pope Urban VIII. The attribution to Fra Carnevale was first made by Adolfo Venturi, but was challenged as highly speculative. Venturi later relinquished his attribution and gave the panels to an unknown Umbrian influenced by Piero della Francesca and perhaps by Fra Carnevale. The fact remains that what stylistically exists in the two panels tallies well with our meagre knowledge of Fra Carnevale, a Dominican monk, whose secular name was Bartolomeo di Giovanni Corradini. Few scholars quarrel with the theory that the panels originate from Urbino, for the presence in three different places of the crowned eagle, the coat-of-arms of the Montefeltro family, would seemingly establish this. The fact also that the two panels display considerable knowledge of architecture would presuppose that the painter was trained as an architect, and would likewise relate the panels to Fra Carnevale, whose name appears on the list of architects attached to the Court of Federigo da Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino. Therefore, the attribution to him is continued for the present. What is important is the superb quality of the painting."

BOUGHT BY THE BOSTON MUSEUM: "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN," ATTRIBUTED TO FRA CARNEVALE (D. 1484)—ONE OF TWO CELEBRATED PANELS FORMERLY IN THE BARBERINI PALACE AT ROME.

A CHINESE ARMY HIDES BENEATH UMBRELLAS:

A "COMIC" PIECE OF OLD-TIME EQUIPMENT NOW INGENUOUSLY ADAPTED FOR CAMOUFLAGE.



THE "COMIC" UMBRELLA OF THE CHINESE SOLDIER BECOMES AN IMPORTANT PIECE OF MILITARY EQUIPMENT: (LEFT; ABOVE) MEN OF THE 29TH ARMY, NEAR PEKING, WITH GREEN UMBRELLAS WHICH ARE FOUND USEFUL FOR CAMOUFLAGE AGAINST AERIAL OBSERVATION, PARTICULARLY IN OPEN COUNTRY; AND (RIGHT) SUNSHADES AND CAMOUFLAGE COMBINED.



A CHINESE METHOD OF CAMOUFLAGE: A SOLDIER WITH HIS UMBRELLA OPEN, CONCEALING HIM FROM AEROPLANES.



CHINESE TROOPS HALTED AMONG TREES; WITH OPENED UMBRELLAS FOR CONCEALMENT WHEN THEY MOVE INTO THE OPEN.



A MACHINE-GUN POST WITHOUT "UMBRELLA-CAMOUFLAGE": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE LINES OF THE 29TH ARMY, WHICH FOUGHT HEROICALLY AGAINST THE JAPANESE ROUND PEKING.



THE SAME MACHINE-GUN BUT CAMOUFLAGED, WHEN THE GUN IS NOT FIRING, BY AN UMBRELLA PAINTED TO MATCH THE SURROUNDINGS.

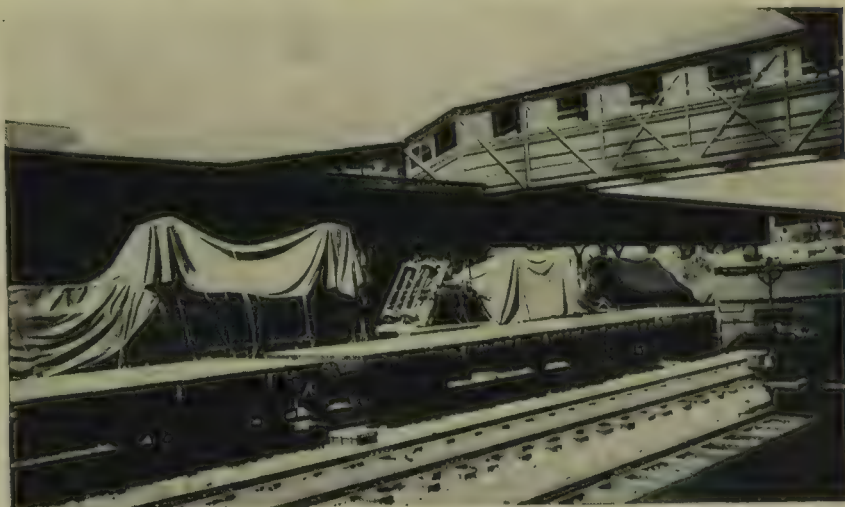
Before the days of Chiang Kai-Shek, when Chinese armies were a frequent subject of humorous comment in Europe, the Chinese soldier was chiefly famous for his umbrella, which he was reputed to value more than his rifle. Now it seems that this quaint umbrella has been put to an ingenious use by Chinese leaders who have learned the importance of camouflage as protection from modern weapons, and particularly from aircraft. The photographs on this page show men of the 29th Chinese Army, a force which bore the brunt of much of the fighting round Peking. Its ill success there was apparently due principally to lack of organisation

and co-ordination. According to a "Times" correspondent, all the principal officers were engaged in civil work, while the army was scattered at numerous points under junior officers, and was capable of nothing but haphazard efforts doomed to be futile against highly organised forces. The fact that separate sections of the 29th Army fought several times, and, after severe defeats, continued to attack until smashed by artillery and aircraft, shows that they possessed the splendid spirit and will to fight which is the first quality of a soldier. The Chinese 19th Route Army also fought well.

SCENES OF SINO-JAPANESE CLASHES: TIENTSIN AND WANPINGSHIEN.



AT TIENTSIN, WHERE CHINESE FORCES WERE HEAVILY BOMBED AND SHELLED BY THE JAPANESE ON JULY 29: A JAPANESE ARMoured TRAIN SEEN ON ITS ARRIVAL THERE ELEVEN DAYS BEFORE.



THE ARRIVAL AT TIENTSIN OF JAPANESE MILITARY SUPPLIES (COVERED IN CANVAS ON RAILWAY TRUCKS): ONE OF MANY SPECIAL TRAINS THAT Poured INTO THE STATION FROM MANCHUKUO AND KOREA.

TIENTSIN and Wanping-shien, a town near Peking, have figured prominently in the Sino-Japanese crisis which began over a month ago. Fighting occurred at Wanpingshien on July 8, when both sides used light artillery, and Japanese shells fell in the town. Later, the Japanese shelled a castle, from which the Chinese troops were said to have fired on them. On July 29 "The Times" stated: "After much savage street fighting, Japanese aircraft and artillery bombed and shelled six bases of Chinese troops in Tientsin this afternoon. The City Hall, the East Station, and the Asiatic Petroleum Company's (Shell) premises are on fire. The Shell building was fired, it is alleged, by Chinese bombarding the East Station with trench-mortars." Next day Tientsin was again bombed, and the Japanese were in control of the whole area between that city and Peking. On August 1 was reported tension at Tientsin between the Japanese and the French. Japanese troops were alleged to have fired on a French detachment at the East Station.



AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF WANPINGSHIEN BY JAPANESE ARTILLERY ON JULY 8 AND 10, SHORTLY AFTER THE CLASH NEAR LIUKOUCHIAO THAT ORIGINALLY PRECIPITATED THE CRISIS: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF DAMAGE TO A BUILDING IN THE TOWN.



AT THE EAST STATION, TIENTSIN, SET ON FIRE IN THE FIGHTING OF JULY 29 AND LATER THE SCENE OF A FRANCO-JAPANESE INCIDENT: A GROUP OF JAPANESE SOLDIERS, WITH A LARGE PILE OF AMMUNITION CASES IN THE BACKGROUND.



IN THE JAPANESE BARRACKS AT TIENTSIN, WHERE THE FRENCH SETTLEMENT IS SITUATED BETWEEN THE JAPANESE AND BRITISH CONCESSIONS: JAPANESE OFFICERS, COATLESS IN THE HEAT, CONCERTING PLANS

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THIS week again we cross what the late Augustine Birrell, being an indifferent sailor, called "that odious Irish Channel." The immediate cause is a reprint of dramatic work by the most eminent of living Irish poets—"NINE ONE-ACT PLAYS." By W. B. Yeats (Macmillan; 3s. 6d.), a welcome addition to the New Eversley Series. The plays included, covering forty years, are familiar to the poet's admirers, who will, however, be glad to have them in this handy form. Mr. Yeats reveals his patriotic sympathies in the play called "Cathleen Ni Houlihan," where the spirit of Ireland, in the guise of a wandering old beggar woman, tells about the loss of her "four beautiful green fields," and induces a young peasant, on his wedding eve, to forsake his bride and follow her. "I have good friends," she says, "that will help me. They are gathering to help me now. If they are put down to-day they will get the upper hand to-morrow."

To Mr. Yeats is dedicated, by a biographer who acknowledges his encouragement, a new study of an earlier patriot poet of Ireland—"THE MINSTREL BOY": A Portrait of Tom Moore. By L. A. G. Strong. With twelve Illustrations (Hodder and Stoughton; 18s.). The tendency of this very interesting and well-illustrated book, which claims to be rather a portrayal than a history, is to defend Moore against his detractors, who have called his muse effeminate and charged him with desertion to "the flesh-pots of Egypt." Their chief accusation was that "after the privilege of Emmet's friendship he went to England and accepted the hospitality of his friend's executioners." Moore, however, was not the only Irishman who has found fame across the Irish Sea, and even among the moderns there may be some who abjure British Royalty but do not renounce royalties from British publishers. Mr. Strong shows that Moore was in reality far from servile, and that within his limits he did great work for his native land. "Not by accident," he writes, "does a man become, and remain for close on a hundred years, the voice of his country. Moore . . . is among the chief architects of modern Ireland. He walked on the sunny side of the road, but he was faithful. Time and again, when patriotism and profit pulled in opposite ways, he chose against his interest. Too easy-going, too frivolous, perhaps, to make his country's laws, he made its songs."

Mr. Strong's discussion of Moore's poetry is at once candid and appreciative. He emphasises one point too often forgotten—that the "Irish Melodies" were essentially lyrics intended to be sung, as they were in fact by the poet himself, who had a charming voice. This explains the simplicity and rhythmic flow of his poetic diction. Notwithstanding their lightness and elegance, however, the songs found their way into the hearts of the Irish people. "Moore's 'Melodies,'" we read, "caught something that was struggling to be born, and gave it birth. . . . They became hymns and rallying-cries, and the cause of Irish nationalism owes as much to the little dapper poet as to the Liberator: maybe more."

I come now to certain books bearing on recent Irish history, and representing very divergent points of view. I do not pretend to judge between them, feeling sympathy with Mr. Birrell when he relates how, after somewhat reluctantly accepting the Irish Chief Secretaryship in 1907, he returned home and made some notes beginning "Ireland! What do I know about it? From personal knowledge and experience, save as a tourist—Nothing!" This quotation comes from "THINGS PAST REDRESS." By Augustine Birrell. With eight Illustrations (Faber; 15s.), a very delightful autobiography, in which the Irish scene is only one, though an important, episode. Mr. Birrell was above all a bookman, a wit, and a man of the social world. From a lawyer he developed into a politician, but his heart was probably always with literature. Particularly interesting are his reminiscences of the three great Victorian poets with whom he was well acquainted. He came to know Tennyson by marrying the poet's widowed daughter-in-law, Browning by sending him a copy of "Obiter Dicta" containing his essay on Browning's poetry, and Matthew Arnold through the introduction of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. He liked everything about Matthew Arnold except his side-whiskers!

Mr. Yeats and his circle also come into Mr. Birrell's story during his nine years of office in Dublin Castle, where his policy was to pave the way for Home Rule. Describing the cultural movement of those days, he writes: "Irish

literature and the drama, Messrs. Maunsell's list of new Irish publications, and the programme of the Abbey Theatre became to me of far more real significance than the monthly reports of the R.I.C. (Royal Irish Constabulary). The plays of John Synge and Lady Gregory, the poems of Mr. Yeats, A. E., and Dora Sigerson, the pictures of Orpen, Lavery, and Henry, the provocative genius of Mr. Bernard Shaw, the bewitching pen of Mr. George Moore, the penetrative mind of Father Tyrrell (the list could easily be prolonged), were by themselves indications of a veritable renaissance."

Mr. Birrell's memories of Irish politics went back to Gladstonian days, and he describes amusingly an intimate little dinner-party where the few guests included Gladstone and Parnell. Coming to recent times, he says concerning the Anglo-Irish settlement: "After months of horrors, all of a sudden the 'Government' capitulates, and signs a Treaty with 'Sinn Fein' and declares Ireland (minus an undefined Ulster) to be a Free State, with full control over both Customs and Excise, with her own police and her own army. Nor is it thought necessary to take the

to the Sea" owes to

Kipling. There are also incidental allusions to Irish history and legend. With infinite subtlety he touches on controversial matters and every now and then mentions (only to postpone) the "serious purpose" of his book, which is "to tell what Irish people really think of the government of Ireland by two new Parliaments." This question continually crops up and is each time put off until the author can succeed in cornering someone who really knows the answer and extracting the truth from him.

Here is a typical example of the author's subtle handling of political matters in this conversational form. "'Why don't you write a book about England?' he said. 'It's the greatest country in the world.' 'Well, the Irish say they are,' I said. 'Every people say their own country is the greatest, I expect,' he answered. 'But one can prove it of England.' 'What is the proof?' I asked. 'They do such damned silly things,' he said, 'and yet they survive. Their politicians do things that would ruin any other country; but it simply has no effect on them. They must be the greatest people in the world. No other people could stand it.' . . . 'And then, look at the Treaty. They threw away twenty-six counties, and didn't even trouble to see that the other side kept the Treaty, as they called it.' 'Why didn't they do that?' I asked. 'I'll tell you why,' he said. 'It's my impression that they've forgotten that they ever made a treaty.'"

At intervals it is suggested that the real popular opinion about the present state of Ireland can be learned from an oracle named Old Mickey, but in the end he proves a broken reed. Run to earth at last, he evades the question, but the concluding dialogue has a sinister note. "'Did you hear tell of Mike O'Mahoney?' he asked. 'I did not,' I said. 'I did not even know the man's name. 'He was shot,' said Old Mickey. 'Shot!' said I. 'How did it happen?' 'He was found in a ditch a bit west of here,' said Old Mickey. 'Aye, a bit to the south-west.' 'But how did it happen?' I asked again. 'Ah, wasn't he always a talker?' said Old Mickey. . . . Suddenly the fear came over me that Old Mickey would fail me. 'The people like their new government, don't they?' I blurted out rather too hastily. But I could see by a faraway look in Old Mickey's eyes that he was thinking still of the body of Mike O'Mahoney to the south-west in a ditch. 'Always a talker,' he said. 'Aye, always a talker.' Thus, after all, the answer to the question which was the "serious purpose" of Lord Dunsany's book is left to the reader's imagination.

As my space this week is strictly limited, I can only touch briefly on three other books concerning Ireland which, no interested reader should miss. A lively picture of social life there and in London in late Victorian times, full of wit and humour, is given in "AN IRISHMAN AND HIS FAMILY": Lord Morris and Killanin. By Maud Wynne (his daughter). Illustrated (Murray; 10s. 6d.). Lord Morris became a Lord of Appeal in London, and Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. The family home was in Galway. Among many celebrities mentioned are Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory. Politically, the author writes as an Irish loyalist, compelled by post-Treaty conditions to leave Ireland, resentful of "England's capitulation" and "desertion," and bitterly critical of the present Free State régime. Mr. Birrell is described, incidentally, as "one of the feeblest Chief Secretaries" Ireland ever had.

Four different Irelands are discerned in "THE IRISH COUNTRYMAN": An Anthropological Study. By Conrad M. Arensberg, Ph.D., Harvard University (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.). There is "the land of the 'Celtic twilight,' the country of Synge and Yeats and Stephens"; then the gay, happy-go-lucky Ireland, as represented by the Abbey Players; next the political Ireland of the Land War, Sinn Fein and "the Trouble"; and, fourthly, "the Ireland of the Faith, the Island of Saints and Scholars." The American scientist analyses these various phases with penetrating detachment.

As a record, literary and pictorial, of the country's natural beauty and external attractions, nothing could excel "THE FACE OF IRELAND." By Michael Floyd. With three Coloured Plates and 130 Photographs (Batsford; 7s. 6d.). Such a land, one feels, deserves a happier history. C. E. B.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK BEGINNING AUGUST 12 AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: AN ASTONISHING REMBRANDT DRAWING; KNOWN AS "THE WOMAN IN THE MUSHROOM HAT." More, perhaps, than any artist of his age, Rembrandt freed himself from the dictates of fashion and local sentiment. As a result, his popularity decreased from about 1650. Even as a painter of devotional pictures, he became a law unto himself, since his observation of humanity was unaffected by traditional requirements. In this drawing his calligraphy registers his thought with an immediacy nearly unequalled in European art.

opinion of the country upon a question that has severed it into two rival camps for forty years. In pursuance of the terms of this Treaty, and without waiting for Parliamentary approval, Dublin Castle is 'surrendered' to the rebels and our soldiers evacuate the land. But what about Ulster—the *causa causans* of all the trouble? But for the Ulster difficulty there need have been neither gun-running at Larne nor the Rebellion in Easter week. What is Ulster?"

In contrast to such gloomy views is a book that has given me undiluted joy, namely, "MY IRELAND." By Lord Dunsany. With thirty-one Illustrations (Jarrolds; 7s. 6d.). The author writes in a vein of whimsical humour that is vastly beguiling and at the same time informative by what is left unsaid. He pictures the Ireland that he knows so well, its sport, its landscape, and its people, and conveys an impression of its politics through the medium of humorous talks with local worthies. He also gives a chapter to an Irish poet, Francis Ledwidge, and elsewhere points out a literary debt which Synge in his "Riders

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DR. EDWIN SMITH.

Died August 7; aged sixty-six. Coroner for West London. M.D., London University, 1895. Called to the Bar, 1908. Lecturer on Forensic Medicine and Toxicology, St. Thomas's Hospital. Held strong views on suicide and road safety. One of the first holders of a car-driving licence. Clever amateur conjurer. Member of the Magic Circle.



**THE MINISTER FOR WAR FORESHADOWS BETTER PROSPECTS FOR THE SOLDIER:
MR. HORE-BELISHA SPEAKING AT A FÊTE HELD RECENTLY AT DEVONPORT.**

Speaking from a platform partly occupied by girls dressed as fairies, Mr. Hore-Belisha said: "One of the reasons why men hesitate to join the Army is because, unlike the Navy, it does not offer a career. The Navy offers long-service and a pension, but the soldier generally enlists for seven years with the Colours and five years with the Reserve. . . . I hope in a few days to be in a position to make an announcement."



MR. G. F. M. CAMPION, C.B.

Appointed Clerk of the House of Commons in succession to Sir Horace Dawkins, who recently resigned. Mr. Campion entered the House of Commons Office in 1906. In 1921 he was appointed Second Clerk Assistant, and in 1930 became Clerk Assistant. Mr. F. W. Metcalfe now becomes Clerk Assistant, and Mr. E. A. Fellowes Second Clerk Assistant.



REAR-ADM. J. H. D. CUNNINGHAM.

Appointed a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty and Assistant Chief of Naval Staff (Air)—owing to Cabinet decision to transfer administrative control of the Fleet Air Arm to the Navy. Already on the Board of Admiralty. Since 1919 has dealt with naval air work. His official title now bears the addition—"Air."



CROWNING THE BARD AT THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD: A PICTURESQUE CEREMONY AT MACHYNLLETH—THE WINNING POET BEING A TEACHER WITH A RECORD OF FIVE CROWNS.

The ceremony of Crowning the Bard at the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales took place at Machynlleth on August 3. When the procession of bards, headed by the Archdruid, had taken their places, the adjudication was read. The winner was J. M. Edwards, a school teacher, who has a record of twelve Chairs at provincial Eisteddfods and five Crowns. Summoned by trumpet to reveal himself, he stood up at the back of the crowd and was escorted to the platform, where he was crowned.



SIR EDWARD DAVSON, BT., K.C.M.G.

Died August 6; aged sixty-two. Partner in Henry K. Davson and Co., West Indian merchants. Rendered valuable service to the economic development of the Empire. Chairman, Federation of Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire, 1925-8. Chairman, British Empire Producers' Association, 1930.



THE VERY REV. F. B. MACNUTT.

Appointed a Canon of Canterbury. Chaplain to his Majesty. Vicar of St. Martin's, Leicester, 1918 to 1927, when he became Provost of Leicester. Archdeacon of Leicester seventeen years. Formerly Vicar, St. John's, Cheltenham, and St. Matthew's, Surbiton, and a residentiary Canon of Southwark.



SIR HUBERT HUGHES-STANTON, R.A.

Died August 2. Distinguished landscape painter, especially in water-colours. Born 1870. Self-taught in art. Since 1886 regularly exhibited at Royal Academy and Paris Salon. A.R.A., 1913, and R.A., 1920. Knighted, 1923. President, Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 1920.



A BRITISH SUCCESS AT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: LIEUT. J. A. TALBOT-PONSONBY (ON BOVRIL) RECEIVING THE WINNING ROSETTE AFTER THE MILITARY JUMPING COMPETITION.

This year's Dublin Horse Show was a great success, both in attendances and sales of yearlings. On the opening day, August 3, the International Military Jumping Competition was won for England by Lieut. J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby. America (1st Lieut. Curtis on Renzo) and the Netherlands (Lieut. Tonnet on Barnabas) tied for second place. Third and fourth places went respectively to England (Captain Howard-Vyse on Sammy) and America (1st Lieut. Wing, Jun., on Flitter).



WINNERS OF THE AGA KHAN TROPHY, THE BIG PRIZE OF THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW, FOR THE THIRD SUCCESSIVE YEAR: THE IRISH FREE STATE TEAM.

In the principal event, the International Military Jumping Competition for the Aga Khan's Trophy, all previous records were broken. Seven countries competed. The English team, who were loudly cheered, were thought to have a good chance, but were disqualified by a technical breach of the rules. Belgium too was eliminated. The Irish Free State won, and, it being their third successive victory, retain the trophy. France was second, America third, Holland fourth, Switzerland fifth.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

EASTWARD HO! A LITTLE-KNOWN LONDON MUSEUM.

By FRANK DAVIS.

used by our ancestors, but their lives as they lived them from day to day—the spits on which they cooked, the mousetraps with which they caught mice, the beds on which they slept and the cradles in which they rocked their children. This, of course, will take time, and requires the co-operation of the public. As it is, there is already plenty in stock, as it were, to make the journey east worth while, quite apart from the charm of the old building. For example, the room designed by Sir Christopher Wren for the Master's Parlour of Pewterers' Hall, dated 1668 (Fig. 2), a noble room with a skylight, in general feeling reminiscent of the earlier Inigo Jones room which is still the chief glory of Barbers' Hall. (I have a hunch that if the whitewash were taken off the ceiling, traces of paint would be found beneath it.) Only one degree less distinguished is a beautiful room of 1725 which came from Bradmore House, Hammer-smith. Enormous Dutch marquetry cabinets are not at present *à la mode*: there is one here which is as good as any, and the man who does not actively dislike a florid design and can appreciate superlative workmanship would be well advised to go and see it. From these glories to a clumping wooden mousetrap as big as a size twelve boot is no doubt a steep descent, but, as I have indicated previously, this is not a high-falutin' museum. The mouse is squashed flat in a most satisfactory manner by a heavy slab of wood.

Dresses of the various periods are shown by painted cut-out figures which bring the rooms to life at once, especially in children's eyes. One gentleman is known to the local brats (who appear to regard the place with affection) as Captain Blood—who shall say the films have no educative value?—and there is a white parasol which the girls call "Shirley Temple's parasol." Silly, isn't it? No, not a bit, for how can one interest small children by lecturing them as if they had just taken their degrees? Treat 'em kindly to begin with, and, above all, don't bore them, and when they are older they'll enjoy the Elgin Marbles and Constable and Cézanne.

This is Captain Blood (Fig. 1), if I'm not mistaken, standing by a splendid seventeenth-century doorway which once stood in Essex Street, Strand—fluted columns with Corinthian capitals. Date presumably about 1680-1700. This doorway exhibits what I call a nasty piece of vandalism. Do you notice how the fanlight breaks the proportions of a noble architectural conception? And was it inserted by a barbarous Victorian, 'a miserable dyspeptic cheesemonger with more money than sense? No, it is a good fanlight in the style of Adam and inserted about 1780, just when we imagine everyone had almost impeccable taste and was incapable of incongruous patching. The truth is that in this respect the eighteenth century was no more immaculate than ourselves.

There is nothing Roman in the museum, with one exception—that is a pottery water-pipe which might have been made yesterday. Next to it is a hollow tree-trunk which carried London's water-supply until 1820. In other words, we took about fourteen hundred years to get back to the material standards of Roman civilisation.

The 1880 period is illustrated by furniture placed in a room which was once the library of the private house of Alfred Stevens, and carved by him. No



A PENNY BUS from Liverpool Street Station takes one to the amorphous and by no means distinguished borough of Shoreditch: the neighbourhood is hard-working, cheerful, and—so the police say—a trifle tough. Not far from Shoreditch Church, along Kingsland Road, is a green oasis of trees and grass; on three sides of this a long, gracious, one-storey building, erected in 1715 from money left by Sir Robert Geffrye as almshouses for old and infirm members of The Ironmongers' Company.

Shoreditch was then a village and the almshouses were in open country. By 1910 they were almost swallowed up by the inevitable tide of bricks and mortar, and the Company moved its old pensioners to more rural surroundings. The original building was very nearly destroyed and a tenement put up in its place, but a public outcry was successful in putting a stop to this sort of improvement, and, by means of private subscriptions and the help of the local council and the L.C.C., the lime and plane trees and the grass were saved as an open space, and the almshouses became a museum, originally intended solely to provide the cabinet-makers and woodworkers of the district with a series of authentic models. Since then the woodworking industry has changed considerably (there is very little hand-work done in the neighbourhood or, indeed, elsewhere), and this charming little museum is now catering for a far wider circle of visitors. The furniture and panelling are still there for the benefit of the expert, but they have been arranged in rooms according to period, and the curator, Mrs. M. Quennell (known to innumerable readers as the author, with her late husband, of those excellent books "A History of Everyday Things"), aims at the gradual completion of a collection which will show in exact detail not merely the pieces of furniture



2. ONE OF THE CHARMING PERIOD ROOMS AT THE GEFFRYE MUSEUM, KINGSLAND ROAD, SHOREDITCH: THE MASTER'S PARLOUR OF THE PEWTERERS' HALL, DESIGNED BY WREN (c. 1668); PRESERVED IN THIS MUSEUM, WHICH SERVES THE FINE OBJECT OF BRINGING THE BEAUTIES OF OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE WITHIN EASY REACH OF THOSE UNLIKELY TO FIND TIME TO REACH SOUTH KENSINGTON AND OTHER MUSEUMS.

The Geffrye Museum is situated in what were old almshouses for pensioners of the Ironmongers' Company, founded by Sir Robert Geffrye (? 1615-1705), Lord Mayor of London in 1686. It was originally intended to provide models for the cabinet-makers and wood-workers of the district.

Photograph by the London Passenger Transport Board.



1. HOW HUMAN INTEREST IS GIVEN TO THE INANIMATE RELICS OF PAST STYLES AT THE GEFFRYE MUSEUM: A DOORWAY, FROM ESSEX STREET, STRAND, OF ABOUT 1680-1700, WITH A CUT-OUT FIGURE IN THE COSTUME OF THE TIME STANDING IN IT.

doubt many people will remember the sale of Dorchester House before the hotel was built. Here is Stevens working on a less grandiose scale and for his own pleasure. In due course all the rooms will be enlivened by models of the exterior of houses to which they might have belonged, and the centuries before 1600 by dioramas based on illustrations from manuscripts.

It is also suggested—and I hope this will soon be more than a suggestion—that the series of rooms should be completed by a room of to-day furnished with the best type of modern furniture.

The whole point of the place is that good things are brought to the knowledge of a large section of the population which has little chance of seeing them otherwise, for working men can hardly be expected to take their families regularly to South Kensington. There is plenty of space for new acquisitions, particularly for smaller objects—the things which bring atmosphere to a room—and visitors who own such things as needlework pictures, prints, workboxes, etc., could do worse than lend or present them. I feel pretty certain that dozens of collectors, once they have seen the museum and realised its aims, will be only too pleased to help.

This England . . .



Stonehenge, Wilts.



QUARREL we would not with the line—"what should they know of England who only England know?" But let it be said, and firmly, that he who knows this England, knows much. What d'ye seek—the monuments of eld? Menhir and cromlech, monolith and circle, we have them all. What d'ye lack—summer snow or winter flowers? They are here. Strange meats is it you need for your comfort—then try lardy johns or a lamprey stew. And the "wine of the country"? Out of the soil that bred you, ripened in the climate that made you strong, come resinous hop and golden barley blended for your delight by an ancient craft—what fitter than Worthington, that waits everywhere upon your roving in this pleasant land.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

STATISTICS are often dull reading, yet it needs figures at times to convey to the public how immense the traffic on our roads has become. Here we are in August, and registration returns of motors point to a total of 1,752,308 private cars using Britain's highways this month. Besides these, there are the 84,643 hackney motor-coaches, cabs and omnibuses, as well as 463,607 goods carriers; 454,136 motor cyclists and some four to five million pedal cyclists. Last August there were some 2,200,000 cars and commercial vehicles on the road compared with 2,300,000 to-day. Then there were 12.3 vehicles per mile of road in Great Britain and 82.2 vehicles per mile of Class I or A roads, which is higher to-day if anybody chooses to work out the exact figure. There are only 178,103 miles of road, and although it is proposed to build a really modern new road in Lancashire, with no cross-roads or blind corners, bridging over the cross-roads and providing safe round-about turnings to turn right or left on to other side roads, with one-way tracks for cars and cycles, very few miles have been added to the old thoroughfares compared with the additional traffic placed on them. Motor-vehicles pay £75,000,000 per annum to the National Revenue—that is, more than a penny in every shilling collected—so have some right to expect that adequate provision should be made by special motor roads.

It seems rather a pity that a good deal of interesting news for motorists only appears in the trade journals,

such as *The Garage and Motor Agent*. Recently that journal informed its readers that what might be termed a "season ticket" for brake-testing and wheel-alignment checking operations is issued by Hughes and Watts, Ltd., the Birkenhead, Cheshire, motor agency firm. This "season ticket" is issued on payment of an annual subscription of ten shillings and entitles the holder to have his car's brakes tested and wheel-alignment checked as often as he may desire. A certificate of approval is issued if the brakes are found up to standard. Any adjustments which may be necessary are, of course, charged extra. The advantages of having brakes and steering periodically checked are set out on the ticket, which consists of a small card-folder. On its front is the slogan "Spare a minute for Safety's Sake." Now, I daresay there are other good garages which also issue these "season tickets," but no one seems to trouble to advertise the fact. I suggest, therefore, that motorists should ask their garage man, who has the essential equipment for making such tests, to give them a "season ticket" on the same terms as the Birkenhead garage people do to their customers in Cheshire and neighbourhood. In these days, when owners are liable to be fined if their cars are not in proper safe working order, it is most necessary to have regular inspection of vital parts both for the safety of themselves and others.

There are so many new regulations affecting owners of motor-vehicles that the Royal Automobile Club has issued a summary of the various Acts and Regulations relating to the use of private motor-vehicles in a handy booklet form entitled "Motor Laws." Copies are obtainable from the R.A.C., Pall

Mall, London, S.W.1, price 4d., post free, and this pamphlet summary is well worth the money. Beginning with the legal definitions of cars, trailers and so forth, the booklet proceeds to deal with registrations and payment of duty, driving licences, the Construction and Use regulations, offences under the Road Traffic Acts, insurance of motor-vehicles, lighting of vehicles, parking places, and the storage of petrol in private garages.

Entries forwarded to the R.A.C. for the Tourist Trophy car race closed with twenty-nine competitors, representing England, France, Germany and Italy, and thirteen makes of cars. Fifty per cent. of the cars are of foreign manufacture, but England is represented by Bentley, Lagonda, Riley, Singer, Austin, H.R.G., Morgan and Atalanta cars. France sends Delahaye and Talbot-Darracq; Germany Frazer-Nash-B.M.W.; and Italy three Fiats. The race will be held at Donington on Sept. 4, and this will be the first time that this event has been run on a closed circuit where the public have to pay an entrance fee to see it. Both in the Isle of Man and in Ulster, where previous T.T. races have been run, thousands of spectators could view the event free of charge. This year, everybody will have to pay to see it, so instead of the usual 250,000 spectators, I do not expect the audience to exceed 40,000.

THE GAME OF HORNUSS.

(Continued from page 268.)

prefer the statutes of the hornuss and its rules to the Scriptures that the minister expounds from his high pulpit. In the seventeenth century, the young men, who were passionately fond of this game, preferred it to Divine Service. In certain regions, therefore, the clergy succeeded in suppressing the hornuss. And the members of the choir who omitted to take their place in the bass or tenor groups were fined every time they preferred the song of the hornuss to that of Bach.

Fortunately to-day the situation has changed completely, and on the contrary the Church—mainly Protestant in this part of Switzerland—looks with favour upon games which are clean and healthy. One may even see "Monsieur le Pasteur" take off his cassock and chance his luck. He understands that the joys of the country are few and far between, and that the hornuss may help, better, perhaps, than his sermon, to soften the hard work in the fields.

Where does the game come from and what are its origins? If the learned historians are to be believed, one must delve far back into the Middle Ages to discover the origins of the hornuss. From the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries fierce feuds were carried on by the inhabitants of the different valleys, separated by a high mountain. To frighten their adversaries, certain clans ventured into the enemy territory and slung bits of burning wood into their camp. Torches of firs or pines, rich in resin, were the most suitable for this purpose. To deduce that this primitive strategy degenerated into a game is but a step. In their leisure hours the soldiers amused themselves by slinging their firebrands against imaginary enemies. The idea was to see who could throw farthest. A few forest fires that resulted may have given food for thought to the adepts of the game, who thereafter preferred to use either stones or wooden disks. It is therefore a military practice which is the real origin of the game of hornuss.

German-speaking Switzerland is the only country where this game is played. Formerly, the shepherds in the highlands also tried to have their game of hornuss, but the ground in mountainous regions is not suitable for the sport. To-day, therefore, they prefer wrestling, a much more violent sport, but one which requires no accessories. But in the plain, many a fine Sunday is devoted to the hornuss, and in the evening, in the cafés which serve as a club, the peasants re-live their happy strokes or the magnificent catches of a game that was played, perhaps, several months before.

F. G. GIGON.

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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

THE LOT OF THE SPECULATOR.

IN a recent issue of the *Investor's Chronicle* there was an amusing but instructive article, entitled "Conversation Piece: London and New York,"

describing an imaginary discussion between an American and an Englishman concerning stock market prospects in their respective countries. Exchanging experiences and drinks in a Paris bar, they quickly discovered that they had one thing in common—they had both been mugs this year. The American had gone into the market in February, just in time for the last little rise in March and had seen prices fall 15 per cent. in three months. The Englishman had plunged rather heavily in January and had experienced a 12 per cent. fall in industrials and a 25 per cent. fall in gold shares—in fact, a 40 per cent. fall in some unlucky Kaffirs. Both markets having turned, they were able to recall their mistakes with some degree of resignation. Looking ahead, the Englishman seemed to be more hopeful than the American, who was very fearful as to what may be expected from Mr. Roosevelt, of whom he said, "You see, he hates big business and will never allow big profits to be made. We've got a real Socialist in the White House. Your English Socialists are pale pink in comparison. . . . There will never be another big stock market boom until he gets defeated. He and his friend Eccles, who controls the monetary system, have got it into their heads that the last slump in America was caused by a stock-market gamble, and they are determined not to allow another repetition of 1929." When the Englishman interjected a suggestion that that was a good thing, the American had to admit that this was so; but went on to say that the financial rulers of the United States are not content to take the boom out of the stock markets; they take the profit motive out of business life. "All the time the equity holder is seeing the Government and labour taking bigger slices of the available profit."

As far as Wall Street is concerned, the conclusion arrived at by these experienced operators was that it has now become a "jobbing market"—that is, that it gives scope for in and out commitments only. As the Englishman summed the matter up, while Mr. Roosevelt holds power the market will go up and down, but will not move excessively either way; and "we poor mugs have got to see that we don't go in at the wrong time." To which the American replied, "Brother, you've said it, but have you ever done it?" and having reviewed the autumn prospects, concluded by guessing that it's far better to start backing horses. He certainly made out a strong case for movements in either direction, saying that America has not yet finished with strikes and that the business results of the third quarter of the year are not likely to be as good as those of the second; while on the other hand, there is the prospect of bumper crops for the farmer and a huge increase in agricultural incomes, and a fine summer market, if

Congress rises quickly. All this may be so; but opinion on this side (perhaps not attaching quite enough importance to Mr. Eccles' deflationary prejudices based on the disastrous consequences of the last American stock market boom) seems generally to favour the view that nothing can stop the ultimate movement of American security prices to higher levels. This view, I am told by those who ought to know, is very strongly held on the Continent, and its practical expression may

give the American authorities still more reason to be bothered by the influx of what they call "hot money."

THE BRITISH POINT OF VIEW.

To the Englishman also it seemed that backing horses was likely to be a more profitable occupation than looking for winners in the stock markets. On our side we have our European dictators, with power to destroy market confidence just as quickly as Mr. Roosevelt. We also have had an attack here on the profit motive, and though it has been beaten off, it has left the equity holder feeling sore. "And," added the Briton, "don't forget all the gold scares we've had." To which the American replied that there will be plenty more of them, if commodity

at all, but speculation.

Times change and with them the meanings of words; and I have no doubt that the writer in the *Investor's Chronicle* was using the word "investor" in the sense now more usually attached to it. His usage is confirmed by a broker's circular which lately came my way, which said that "so far as the private investor is concerned he also should be like Pharaoh of old—preparing for the lean periods ahead during times of plenty. That is to say, if he is wise he will take care during periods of rising security markets to cash in parts of his profits in the hope of using them again when markets have dropped

and prices look more attractive." This, then, seems now to be the accepted view of the meaning of investment—watching the markets, and endeavouring to take advantage of their fluctuations by "cashing in" when prices look high and waiting for the downward swing to get in again. A quite legitimate amusement for those who can afford it, but as has been shown by the experience of those who discussed its consequences above, sometimes very expensive. For though their discourse was imaginary, the behaviour of markets from which they were supposed to have suffered was most realistic.



HESTON AIR PORT TO BECOME ONE OF THE LARGEST IN EUROPE?—THE MIDDLESEX AERODROME WHICH HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY THE AIR MINISTRY AND IS TO BE DEVELOPED FOR CIVIL AND COMMERCIAL FLYING.

It was announced recently that the Air Ministry had purchased Heston Air Port. It is understood that the site bought includes other ground, which will make it possible to construct run-ways over a mile long in every direction. The Ministry intends to develop Heston entirely for civil and commercial flying, and in no way for the Royal Air Force. There are believed to be under consideration plans which would make Heston Air Port one of the largest in Europe.

THE STEADFAST INVESTOR.

Moreover, over and above the market fluctuations which had proved so disastrous to "investors" who were backing their movements, there was the question of the expense involved in brokerages, jobbers' turns and the stamp duty by which Government takes toll of Stock Exchange transactions. With all these factors against the modern kind of investor—the chance of hitting the market on the wrong swing and the certainty of paying for the work of those who carry out the transactions and of the Government which supplies the law and order which make markets possible—there is something to be said for the system pursued by the old-fashioned investor, who sat tight on his securities and added to them periodically as his savings accrued, without bothering much about the prices at which they stood, as long as he could be reasonably sure that they were well chosen and, above all, well distributed. Such an investor, buying securities solely from the point of view of income to be received from them, would, even if he had started at the worst possible moment—at the height of the boom of 1928—have fared comparatively comfortably. He would, it is true, have seen a nasty drop in the prices of his holdings and in the income from those that consisted of ordinary shares, during the worst days of the depression. On the other hand, he would have had no gambling losses to write off, and if he had quietly continued to increase his holdings during the period of low prices he would now find himself, even after the reaction of the last year and a half, with a collection of securities standing at prices well above the level at which he bought when he began, if his experience had been similar to that of the *Financial News* Index of thirty ordinary shares, which stood at the end of July at 114, with the 1928 level for 100. Having in the meantime avoided all the wear and tear involved by those who try to forecast the vagaries of a "jobbing market," he would be complacently awaiting the improving income promised by the recent and prospective growth in company profits.



IMPROVEMENTS IN THE VALLEY OF THE MEDWAY, WHERE MUCH WORK IS BEING DONE TO CHECK FLOODS: MR. W. S. MORRISON, THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, OPENS THE NEW £18,000 SLUICES NEAR MAIDSTONE.

The Minister of Agriculture, Mr. W. S. Morrison, formally opened the new tidal sluices at Allington Locks on the Medway, near Maidstone, on August 4. The new sluices have been constructed at a cost of more than £18,000. They are part of a river improvement scheme for flood alleviation, which is estimated to cost £500,000.

prices begin once again to look inflationary. Nevertheless, the Englishman thought that if the gilt-edged market keeps firm, we shall get a run for our money. Finally the conversation ended by the American offering to bet the Englishman five dollars that "as soon as you jump in something will happen to depress you again," while the Englishman bet the American a similar amount that he would hit Wall Street on the wrong swing. "And the two mugs toasted one another in complete confidence that each would win his bet."

IS THIS INVESTMENT?

To me, however, the most interesting point about this amusing allegory, so full of useful truths, is its opening sentence, in which the two parties to the conversation were described as "plain, honest-to-God investors." Their whole discourse had been concerned with getting into the market at the right moment for securing a profit from market fluctuations; and to my old-fashioned mind, this process is not investment

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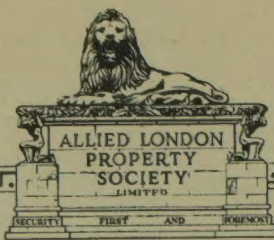
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BY EDWARD F. LONG, C.B.E. F.R.G.S.

VENICE—AND ITS LIDO.

THE story of the founding of Venice resembles a fairy-tale. It tells how a few poor fisher-folk, living on muddy, silt-formed isles in a northern Adriatic lagoon, afforded a refuge to Roman citizens in Northern Italy fleeing from

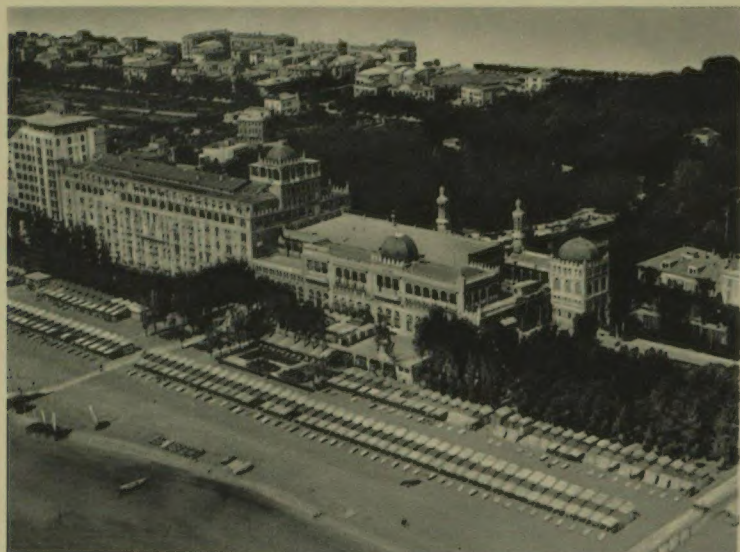
the Venice of to-day, so much of the splendour of its glorious past has been preserved that, so far as its beautiful buildings are concerned, one can visualise Venice as it was in the great days when its Doges ranked with the great rulers of Europe and it was one of the wealthiest cities in the world. That it is the one city, above all others, which those who have not seen it wish to see is not to be wondered at when one thinks of the beauty of the great Piazza San Marco, of the sculptured treasures of St. Mark's, mosaic masterpieces, walls covered with rare marbles, porphyries and alabaster, and a high altar which is held to be one of the finest specimens of goldsmiths' and jewellers' work in existence. Remember also the glories of the Palace of the Doges, the stately Campanili, the many churches of Gothic and the wondrous works of art they contain, the Byzantine palaces, and the loveliness of the city's setting—her spires and cupolas gleaming amid a silvery sheen of waters, which wind their way here and there and reveal a vision of beauty in stone at almost every turn!

Venice is seen to perfection from the sea, as I once saw it, when approaching it by steamer from Alexandria, early one June morning, when the bluest of blue skies overhead was just flecked with little fleecy clouds and a slight mist rose from the waters as we steamed into the lagoon and dropped anchor by the entrance to the Grand

Canal. Venice seemed indeed a city of magic, and the thrill of that first view of it I shall never lose. Those who enter it by train should on no account neglect to make a cruise of the lagoons by gondola, a very delightful experience, and view it from the sea. Venice is a treasure-house of pictures, some of the finest of which are to be seen in the Accademia delle Belle Arti, on the Grand Canal, where one may trace the progress of Venetian painting and witness its marvellous climax in the masterpieces of Bellini, Carpaccio, Giorgione,

Tintoretto, Titian, and Veronese. The Correr Museum, in St. Mark's Square, also contains very valuable collections of pictures, armour, coins, maps, and costumes illustrating vividly the public and private life of the period of the Venetian Republic.

Venice has a very modern side, as befits its claim to be one of the leading summer holiday centres of Europe, but this clashes in no way with its "atmosphere" of the past. It is on the Lido, which stretches along the seaward side of the long, narrow isle facing the Adriatic, protecting the Venetian lagoon, and some ten minutes by steamer from Venice, that one finds the Venice of to-day—for the holiday-maker. Here, amid trees and gardens gay with flowers, are splendid hotels facing the sea, charming private villas which may be rented for the season, smart restaurants, and a wonderful sandy beach, long and wide, shelving very gradually to the sea and therefore very safe for bathing. There are the most up-to-date and well-organised facilities for sea bathers and sun bathers; the water is ideal for swimming and aquaplaning, and the beach scene during the season is one of the smartest and most colourful of all seaside resorts in Europe. Rowing, sailing, and speed-boat racing also figure among the sports, besides tennis, golf, and riding. As for amusement, there are theatres, dance halls, cinemas, and a Casino, so that a dull moment is impossible on the Lido.



HOLIDAY VENICE: THE LIDO, QUEEN AND ORIGINAL OF ITS KIND, ONE OF EUROPE'S SMARTEST SEASIDE RESORTS—AN AIR VIEW, TAKEN AT A QUIET HOUR, SHOWING PALATIAL HOTELS AMID BEAUTIFUL GARDENS.—[Photographs by Enit-London.]

the wrath of the Lombards, the Goths, and the Huns. The refugees settled permanently on the islands, and, with their wealth and their knowledge of the arts and crafts, transformed a collection of fishing villages into an independent maritime republic strong enough to last until the time of Napoleon, and to exercise a very decided influence in the politics of Europe for centuries, while possessing a fleet and an overseas trade at one time the finest known. The city of Venice, built mainly on the largest of the isles, but now connected by a causeway with the mainland, is one created almost by magic, for its palaces of porphyry and of marble, its magnificent churches and towers, are built on wooden piles and rise, literally, from the sea.



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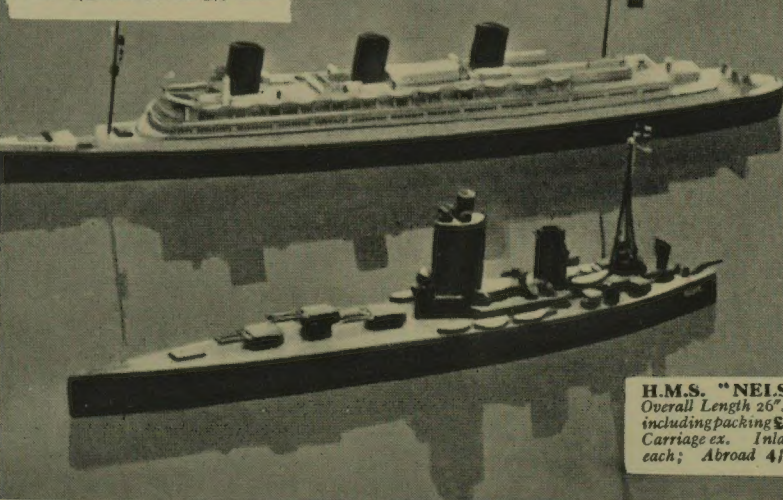
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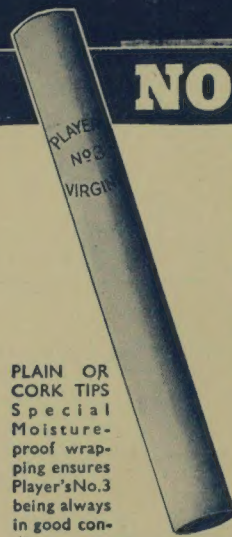
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